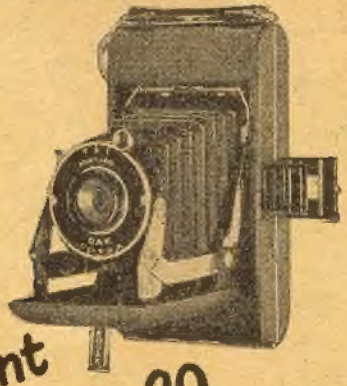
SUPERMAN
No. 109
Ten Cents
ACTION COMICS
A 52 PAGE MAGAZINE
JUNE 1947
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
SUPERMAN VS. PRANKSTER
in "The Man Who Robbed The Mint"



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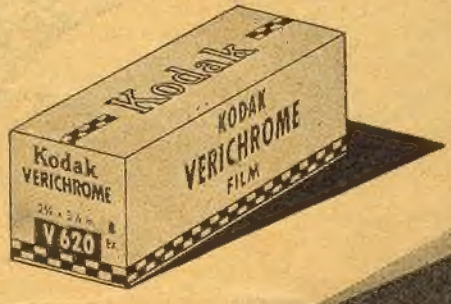

Kodak

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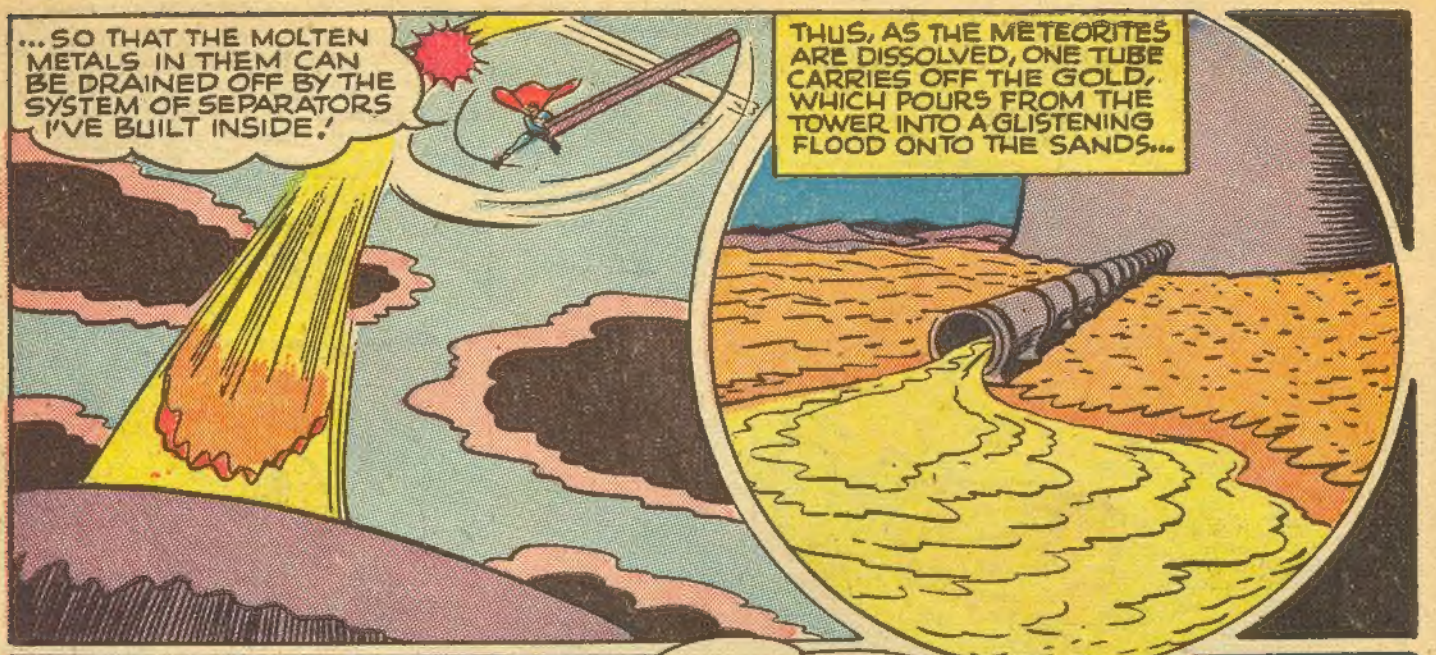
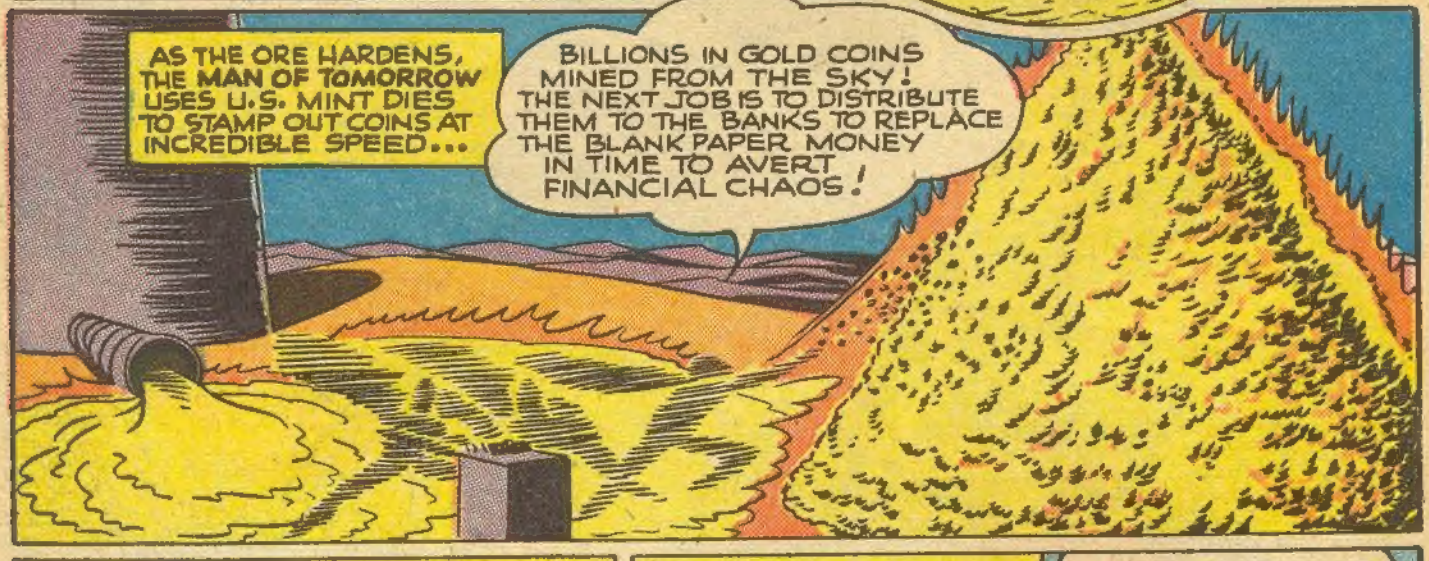
A SECRET LABORATORY ECHOES WITH THE SINISTER LAUGHTER OF THAT GRINNING ENGINEER OF EVIL, THE PRANKSTER, WHO IS SUPERMAN'S MOST FIENDISH FOE...
HA-HA-HO-HO! JUST WAIT UNTIL THESE GAS PELLETS DO THEIR WORK—HA-HA-HA!
AND IT STARTED LIKE ANY OTHER FRIDAY, WITH LOIS LANE AND CLARK KENT PICKING UP THE DAILY PLANET PAYROLL AT THE BANK...
HERE IT IS, MISS LANE—$17,000 IN NEW BILLS!
THE GOOD OLD AMERICAN DOLLAR! ALWAYS RELIABLE AND FOREVER GOOD!
OUTSIDE THE BANK...
HERE, LADY, LEMME CARRY DAT BAG FER YOU!
OH!
EEEK!
BANK
STOP, THIEF!
I'LL FIND A COP!
TEN SECONDS LATER...AFTER A LIGHTNING CHANGE OF CLOTHES IN A NEARBY HALLWAY, CLARK KENT GOES INTO ACTION AS SUPERMAN!
SUPERMAN! WHAT'VE YOU GOT FOR US THIS TIME?
A GRAND LARCENY CASE! THE EVIDENCE IS IN THIS BAG...
IS THIS A JOKE? THIS BAG IS FILLED WITH PAPER—BLANK PAPER!
HUH?
2

THAT'S ODD! I SAW THE TELLER HAND LOIS $17,000! COULD I HAVE BEEN DREAMING?
SUPERMAN PULLING A GAG LIKE THAT! WHAT'S THE WORLD COMING TO?
AS SUPERMAN RETURNS TO THE BANK TO INVESTIGATE...
THAT TELLER GAVE ME BLANK PAPER! I WANT MY MONEY!
OUT YOU GO! AND YOU'RE LUCKY WE AIN'T TURNIN' YOU OVER TO THE BOOBY HATCH!
HUH?
I'VE BEEN ROBBED! THEY SUBSTITUTED BLANK PAPER FOR THE MONEY I PUT IN MY SAFE DEPOSIT BOX!
HOLY SMOKE! IT'S AN EPIDEMIC!
LATER, IN THE PRANKSTER'S LAB...
HA-HA-HO-HO! THEY'LL NEVER FIGURE IT OUT! THE INK-DISSOLVING GAS PELLETS LEAVE NO TRACE! NOT EVEN A STAIN ON THE PAPER! HA-HA-HA!
AND IN A LARGE FACTORY...
BLANK PAPER IN OUR PAY ENVELOPES! IF IT'S A JOKE— WE DON'T THINK IT'S FUNNY!
BUT— I DON'T UNDER-STAND...
AT A RACE TRACK...
AND I NOW PRESENT THE STEEPLECHASE PRIZE OF $5,000 TO— HUH? WHY— THESE BILLS ARE BLANK!
3

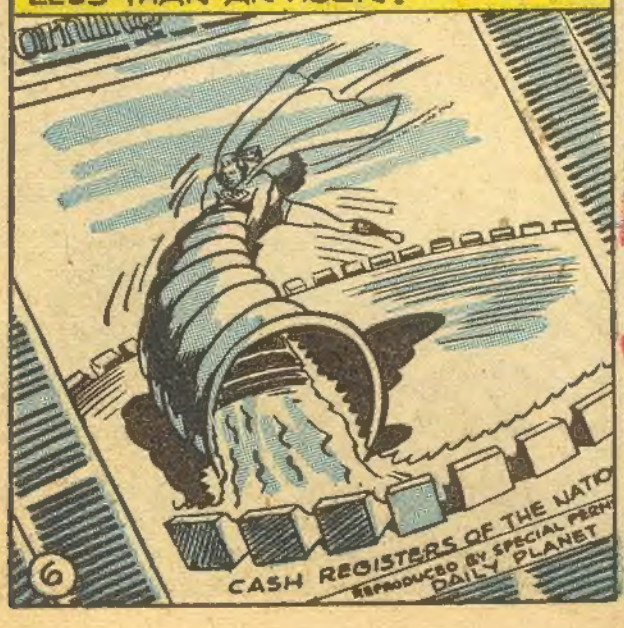
AT THE CLOSE OF SCREENO IN A THEATER...
WE WANT REAL MONEY—NOT BLANK BILLS!
TRYIN' TO GYP US OUT OF OUR PRIZE MONEY, HUH?
SCREENO
WAIT! SOMETHING'S WRONG! THESE BILLS JUST TURNED BLANK!
AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
YES, LADY—YES... YOUR MONEY'S TURNED TO BLANK PAPER!
I KNOW! WE'VE HAD SIX DOZEN CALLS ABOUT IT ALREADY!
LOOK—ME TOO! MY DOUGH'S TURNED TO BLANK PAPER!
IN THE PLANET NEWSROOM...
IT'S HAPPENING ALL OVER THE COUNTRY! THERE'LL BE A FINANCIAL PANIC! THE F.B.I.'S PUTTING EVERY MAN ON THE CASE! RE-MAKE THE FRONT PAGE...
THE ONLY HAPPY MAN IN THE U.S.A. AT THE MOMENT IS — THE PRANKSTER!
HA-HA-HO-HO! WHAT A CHEMIST I'D MAKE—IF I WAS DUMB ENOUGH TO BE HONEST!
... THE F.B.I. IS ON THE JOB! MEANWHILE EVERYONE IS URGED TO AVOID PANIC...
...THE PRESIDENT WILL BROADCAST AN EMERGENCY MESSAGE...
IT'S HIT THE WHOLE COUNTRY! WHICH MEANS THE ANSWER IS AT THE U.S. MINT!
RADIOS
AT THE MINT, SUPERMAN TALKS TO THE WORRIED SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY...
WE'VE CHECKED INK, PRESSES, PLATES, EVERYTHING! WE'VE NO IDEA WHAT TURNS THE BILLS BLANK!
UNTIL WE SOLVE THIS, ISSUE GOLD COINS INSTEAD OF PAPER MONEY!
4

IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ISN'T ENOUGH GOLD AT FT. KNOX! AND OUR COIN MACHINES COULDN'T MINT THEM FAST ENOUGH! AND DISTRIBUTION WOULD TAKE WEEKS!
LEAVE IT TO ME, MR. SECRETARY!
TO OBTAIN THE MILLIONS OF TONS OF GOLD NEEDED TO REPLACE THE NATIONAL CURRENCY, SUPERMAN BEGINS A GIGANTIC PROJECT SOMEWHERE ON THE DESERT SANDS OF DEATH VALLEY!
NO GOLD MINE NOW OPERATING CAN FILL THE NEED! SO, I'LL GATHER SCRAP METAL FROM ALL OVER THE GLOBE — AND BUILD A HUGE PIPELINE AND SMELTER FOR A GOLD MINE IN THE SKY!
THE MAN OF STEEL BEATS AND TWISTS THE SCRAP METAL INTO AN INCREDIBLE STRUCTURE, TOWERING INTO THE SKY!
NOW— I'LL LINE THE TOWER WITH HEAT-RESISTING CLAY...
THE TOWER COMPLETED, SUPERMAN STREAKS INTO THE METEORIC RING CIRCLING THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERIC ENVELOPE...
I'LL BAT THESE FIERY BASEBALLS DOWN TO THE TOWER...
KA-HA-M!
5

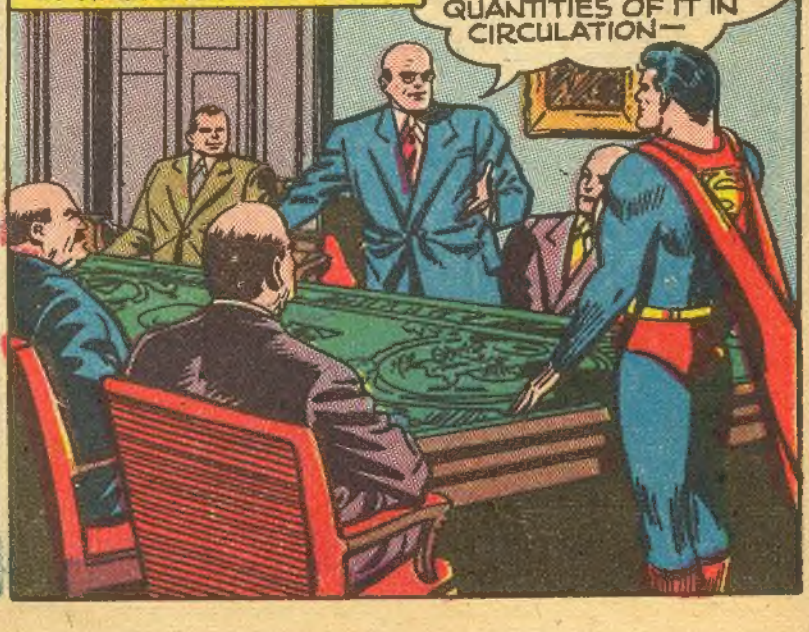


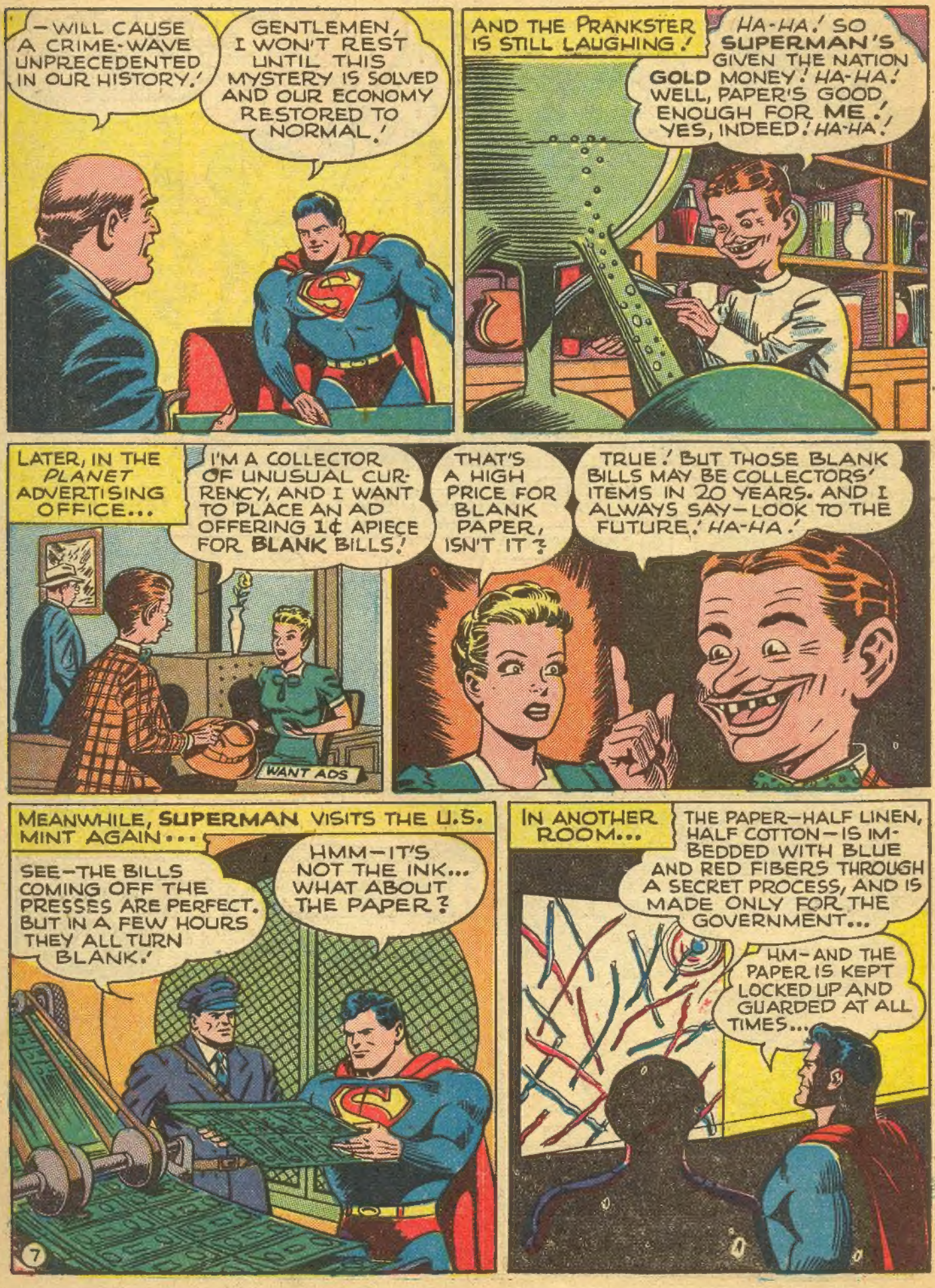


FOR THOSE WHO MISSED IT, WE REPRODUCE BELOW, THE *DAILY PLANET* CARTOONIST'S CONCEPT OF THE AMAZING DISTRIBUTION JOB DONE BY THE **MAN OF STEEL**—IN LESS THAN AN HOUR!



THE MOST AMAZING FEAT OF HIS CAREER COMPLETED, **SUPERMAN** NOW CONFERS WITH TREASURY OFFICIALS IN WASHINGTON, D. C.




—WILL CAUSE A CRIME-WAVE UNPRECEDENTED IN OUR HISTORY.!
GENTLEMEN, I WON'T REST UNTIL THIS MYSTERY IS SOLVED AND OUR ECONOMY RESTORED TO NORMAL.!
AND THE PRANKSTER IS STILL LAUGHING!
HA-HA! SO SUPERMAN'S GIVEN THE NATION GOLD MONEY! HA-HA! WELL, PAPER'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.! YES, INDEED! HA-HA!
LATER, IN THE PLANET ADVERTISING OFFICE...
I'M A COLLECTOR OF UNUSUAL CURRENCY, AND I WANT TO PLACE AN AD OFFERING 1¢ APIECE FOR BLANK BILLS!
WANT ADS
THAT'S A HIGH PRICE FOR BLANK PAPER, ISN'T IT?
TRUE! BUT THOSE BLANK BILLS MAY BE COLLECTORS' ITEMS IN 20 YEARS. AND I ALWAYS SAY—LOOK TO THE FUTURE.! HA-HA!
MEANWHILE, SUPERMAN VISITS THE U.S. MINT AGAIN...
SEE—THE BILLS COMING OFF THE PRESSES ARE PERFECT. BUT IN A FEW HOURS THEY ALL TURN BLANK.!
HMM—IT'S NOT THE INK... WHAT ABOUT THE PAPER?
IN ANOTHER ROOM...
THE PAPER—HALF LINEN, HALF COTTON—IS IMBEDDED WITH BLUE AND RED FIBERS THROUGH A SECRET PROCESS, AND IS MADE ONLY FOR THE GOVERNMENT...
HM—AND THE PAPER IS KEPT LOCKED UP AND GUARDED AT ALL TIMES...
7

LATER, AS SUPERMAN STREAKS INTO METROPOLIS..
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG AT THE MINT. SO NOW WHAT? HUH—WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE?
HMM... THEY'RE TAKING BLANK BILLS TO THAT WAREHOUSE. WHAT FOR, I WONDER?
GLOBE WAREH
SEE, SUPERMAN— 1¢ EACH FOR THESE WORTHLESS BILLS AIN'T HAY!
HMM...
GLOBE WAREH
116
GET 1¢ EACH FOR YOUR WORTHLESS BLANK BILLS RING BELL TO 116
USING HIS X-RAY VISION, THE MAN OF TOMORROW LOOKS INTO THE WAREHOUSE!
THE PRANKSTER! WELL, I'VE AN IDEA I'M ABOUT TO SOLVE A GREAT NATIONAL MYSTERY!
REMEMBER ME, PRANKSTER?
SUPERMAN! YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO BUTT IN ON AN HONEST CITIZEN ENGAGED IN HONEST TRADE!
SUPERMAN'S X-RAY VISION PIERCES ANOTHER WALL, AND...
HMM— A LABORATORY! I'LL HAVE TO LOOK INTO THIS...
AND I REPORT REGULARLY TO MY PAROLE OFFICER, SO STOP HOUNDING ME!

BUT, PRANKSTER—I'M HERE ON BUSINESS! FOR 1¢ EACH, I'LL FIND YOU ALL THE BLANK BILLS YOU WANT! I NEED THE MONEY FOR CHARITY!
WHY—I'LL BE HAPPY TO DO BUSINESS WITH YOU, SUPERMAN! HA-HA!
LATER, BACK AT THE MINT...
I SUSPECT THE PRANKSTER OF HAVING A GAS THAT FADES THE PRINTING ON PAPER MONEY. BUT—
BUT WHY DO YOU WANT TO BORROW OUR ENGRAVING TOOLS AND PRESSES?
—HE WOULDN'T BE BUYING ALL THOSE BLANK BILLS UNLESS HE HAD SOME WAY OF RESTORING THE PRINTING! WHICH IS LEGAL ENOUGH—UNLESS I CAN PROVE THAT HE MADE THE BILLS FADE!
THE MINT IS YOURS, SUPERMAN!
PRESENTLY...
NOT BAD, EH?
HA-HA-HA!
HO-HO-HA-HA!
USE THIS PLATE TO PRINT MILLIONS OF BILLS! THEN, WHEN THE BILLS FADE—LIKE THE OTHERS—I'LL TAKE THEM TO THE PRANKSTER!
HA-HA-HA! SUPERMAN, YOU'RE TERRIFIC!
NEXT DAY...
HERE'S TEN MILLION MORE BILLS, PRANKSTER! AT 1¢ EACH, YOU NOW OWE ME $100,000!
OOF! CAN'T YOU DELIVER THEM WITH LESS FORCE?

THANKS FOR THE GOLD BRICKS, PRANKSTER! I'LL RETURN SOON WITH ANOTHER LOAD OF BLANK BILLS!
HA-HA! THE MORE THE MERRIER!
AFTER SUPERMAN LEAVES...
COME ON—GIVE ME YOUR SHARE OF THE GOLD WE MELTED DOWN FROM THE COINS WE STOLE! I NEED THEM TO PAY SUPERMAN FOR MORE BLANK BILLS!
BUT SUPPOSE SOMETHING GOES WRONG?
SAP! EVEN SUPERMAN TRUSTS ME! ONCE WE RESTORE THOSE BLANK BILLS TO NORMAL, WE'LL HAVE BILLIONS! SO COME ACROSS!
OKAY—OKAY!
MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE...
THE PRANKSTER DOESN'T KNOW IT, BUT THIS SUCTION PIPE-LINE I PUT UNDER THE WAREHOUSE IS DRAWING ALL THE BILLS HE BUYS RIGHT OUT OF HIS STORAGE ROOM...
...AND I SELL HIM THE SAME LOAD OF BILLS OVER AND OVER!

SHORTLY...
I'M TAKING OUT THE SIDE WALL, SO I CAN DELIVER THIS LAST BATCH OF BLANK MONEY. I'LL FIX THE WALL LATER.'
WHAT'S THE IDEA, WRECKING THE BUILDING?
AFTER SUPERMAN HAS GONE...
I'LL PULL THIS SWITCH, AND GAS WILL POUR INTO THE STORE ROOM TO RESTORE THE PRINTING TO THE BLANK BILLS!
LOOK, BOSS—THE BILLS ARE TURNING GREEN ALREADY...
WHEE! THE GAS WORKED! WE'RE RICH! BILLIONS! TRILLIONS!
YIPPEE!
HUH? WHY—WHAT'S THIS? SOMETHING'S WRONG!
WE'VE BEEN TRICKED! THIS MONEY IS PHONEY!
OH, DEAR!
THEY'RE ALL PHONEY! LOOK!
ALL OF 'EM COMIC VALENTINES—FROM SUPERMAN! WE'RE RUINED!
AND I SPENT MILLIONS FOR THIS WORTHLESS STUFF!
11

YOU SPENT MILLIONS—OUR MILLIONS! YOU GOT EVERY CROOK IN TOWN TO INVEST—YOU SWINDLER!
YEAH—WHAT ABOUT OUR DOUGH?
NOW, FELLOWS! DON'T BE HASTY! I—
UH-UH—BOYS! MUSTN'T LOSE YOUR TEMPERS!
SUPERMAN! YOU GOT ME INTO THIS—NOW GET ME OUT OF IT!
A PRANK'S A PRANK, PRANKSTER! HA-HA! WELL—SO LONG!
YOUR JOKE HAS ROBBED EVERY CROOK IN TOWN—ER—I MEAN—HUNDREDS OF INVESTORS!
WAIT! I'LL CONFESS! ONLY, TAKE ME TO A NICE SAFE JAIL BEFORE EVERY CROOK IN TOWN STARTS GUNNING FOR ME!
LATER...
HA-HA! THIS BILL WITH YOUR PICTURE IS A COLLECTOR'S ITEM ALL RIGHT! AND SUPERMAN IS CLEANING UP A FORTUNE—SELLING 'EM FOR CHARITY FOR A PENNY APIECE!
WHAT'S SO FUNNY?
AND THE MAN OF STEEL REVIEWS A JOB WELL DONE...
IT'LL BE A LONG TIME BEFORE THE PRANKSTER'S SENSE OF HUMOR RECOVERS FROM THIS PRANK!
DAILY PLANET
PRANKSTER ADMITS HE SHOT GAS PELLETS INTO U.S. MINT VENTILATING TO FADE CURRENCY.
SITUATION NOW NORMAL, THANKS TO SUPERMAN
THE END

WHEATIES "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

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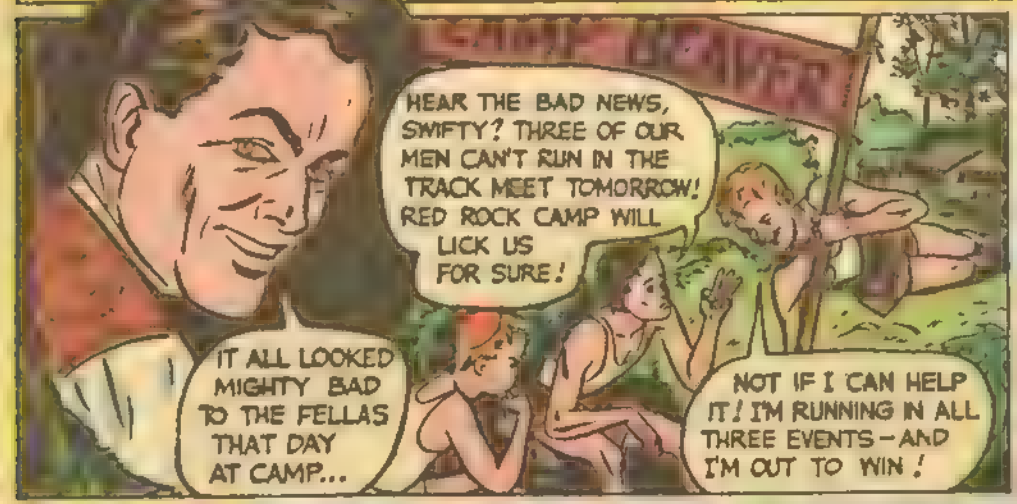
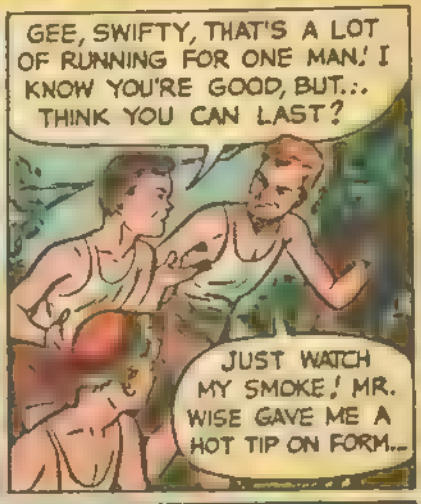
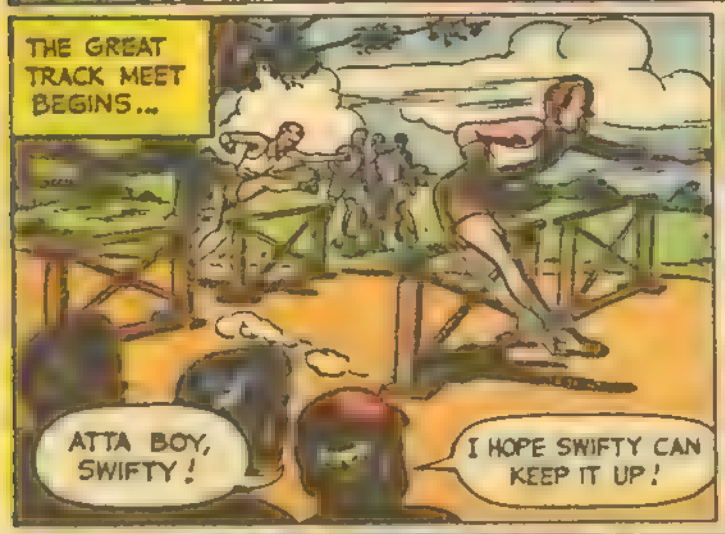
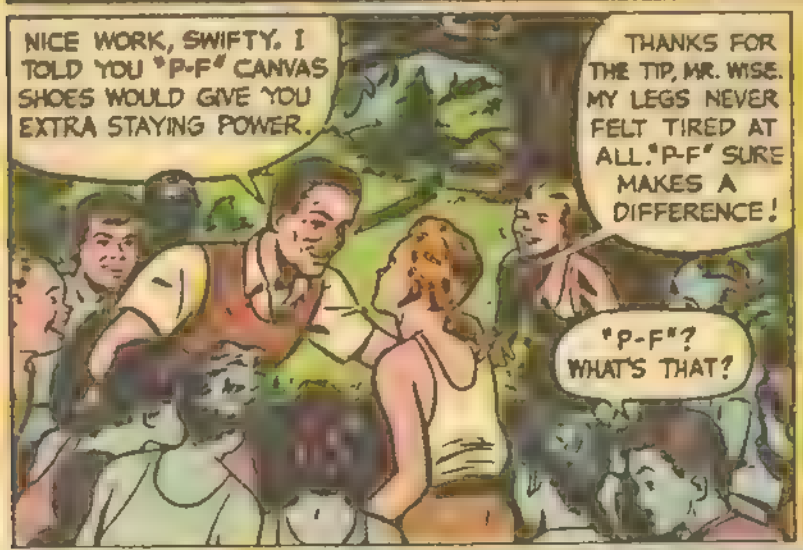
SWIFTY SEAVER WINS FOR BEAVER

ANOTHER JIM WISE REAL-LIFE SPORTS STORY









WHAT MR. WISE SAID ABOUT "P-F"

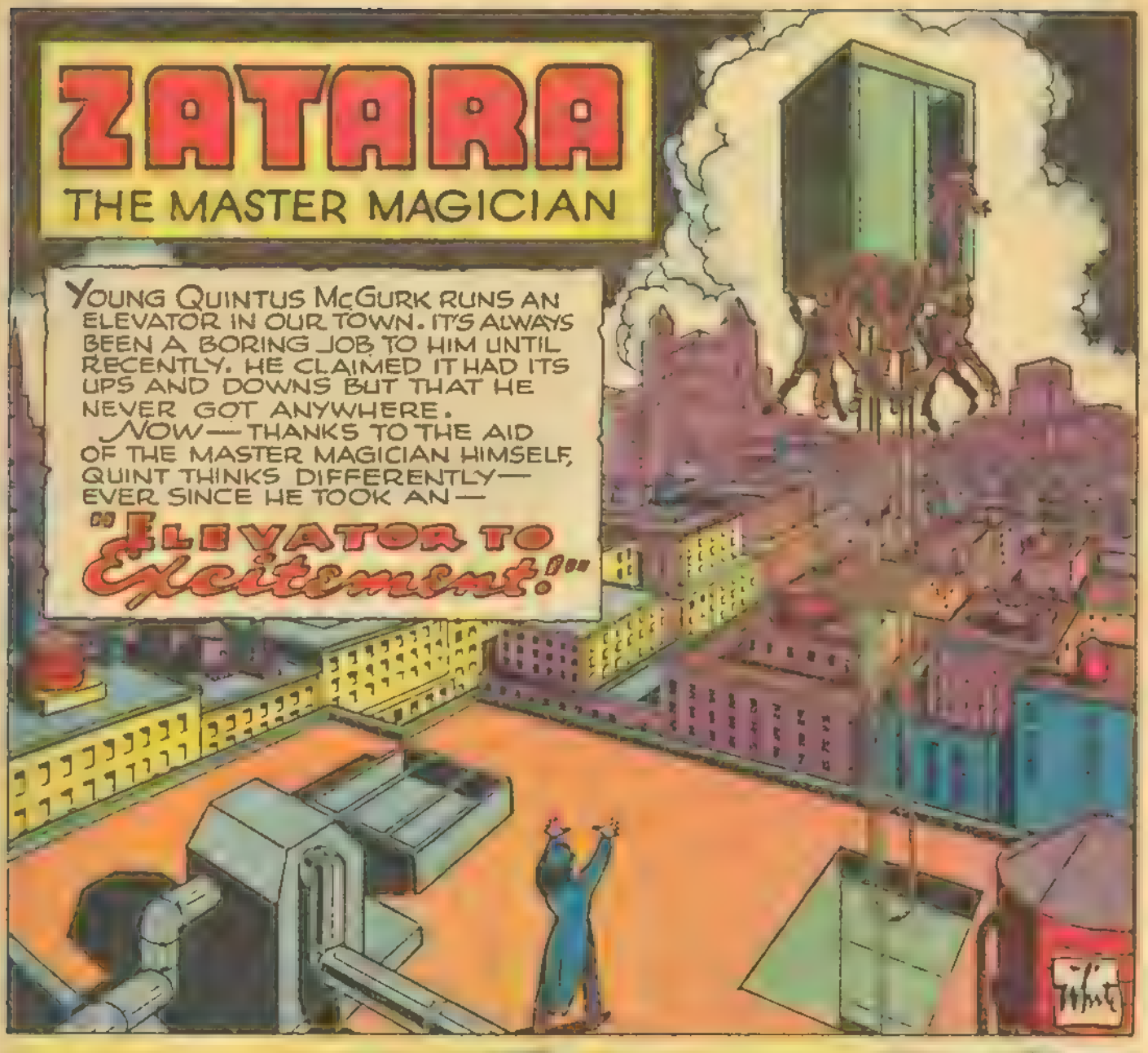
HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE STAYING POWER:

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION.
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION ASSURES COMFORT FOR THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT.

"P-F"* ® TRADE MARK

MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION...A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B.F.Goodrich AND HOOD RUBBER CO.


ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
YOUNG QUINTUS McGURK RUNS AN ELEVATOR IN OUR TOWN. IT'S ALWAYS BEEN A BORING JOB TO HIM UNTIL RECENTLY. HE CLAIMED IT HAD ITS UPS AND DOWNS BUT THAT HE NEVER GOT ANYWHERE.
NOW—THANKS TO THE AID OF THE MASTER MAGICIAN HIMSELF, QUINT THINKS DIFFERENTLY—EVER SINCE HE TOOK AN—
"ELEVATOR TO Excitement!"

QUINTUS, THE ELEVATOR RUNNER, APPROACHES HIS JOB WITH A BIG YAWN. THINGS ARE ALWAYS THE SAME. NOTHING EVER HAPPENS...
HO-HUMMMM!!!

...UNTIL ONE NIGHT...
GET 'EM UP, FELLA!
UP? YES, SIR!

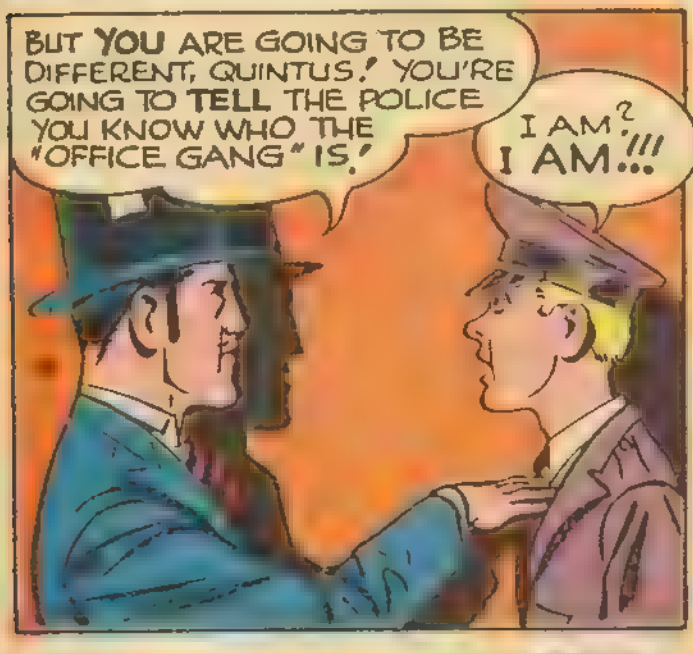
I MEAN YOUR HANDS, NOT THE CAR!
-GULP!- OH! OH, MY GOODNESS!!!
THAT GUN SEEMS BIGGER TO ME EACH MINUTE I LOOK AT IT!
WHY-WHY-IT IS BIGGER!
YOW! START THE CAR! GET ME OUTA HERE! TAKE ME UP! ANYWHERE!
AS THE ELEVATOR SHOOTS UPWARD...
THEY DON'T KNOW I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT GROWING GUN! NOW TO SURPRISE THAT HOLD-UP MAN EVEN MORE!
ROOLF ESIR PU!*
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS.
MEANWHILE...
-PUFF-PUFF- I GOTTA DO SOMETHING!
I MUST BE DREAMIN' ALL THIS!
2

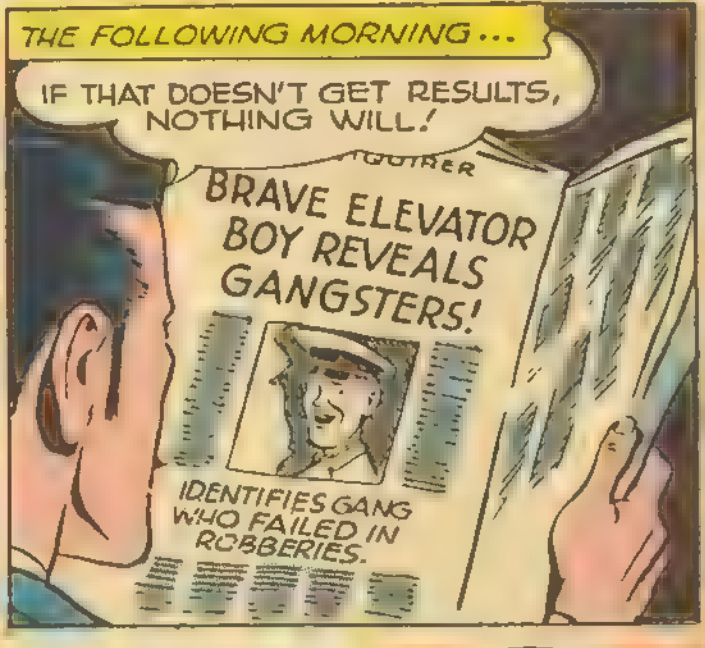
WHAT DELAYED YOU?
I-I DUNNO. THIS GUN OF MINE WENT CRAZY, I GUESS... OR ELSE I DID!
AND I THOUGHT MINE WAS SUCH A BORING JOB... HUH???
DON'T BE ALARMED.!
THAT MAN WHO HELD THE GUN AT YOUR BACK-WHICH WAY DID HE GO?
HE SAID IF I TOLD ON HIM, HE OR HIS MOB WOULD "GET" ME!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL GET THE INFORMATION ANOTHER WAY! SPETSTOOF FO SKOORC REAPPA!
AS THOUGH MADE OF GLOWING PHOSPHORUS, THE FOOTPRINTS OF THE GANGSTERS STAND OUT BOLDLY ON THE TILE FLOORING...
THAT'S THE OFFICE THEY ENTERED!
I KNEW IT MUST HAVE BEEN ZATARA WHO PULLED THAT TRICK IN THE ELEVATOR! GET HIM!
TOO LATE, GENTLEMEN! EFAS KCIK MEHT!
3

OW!
OUCH!
YEEEOOW!
LEMME OUT OF HERE! I'M GOIN' CRAZY!
BLINDED BY FRIGHT, THE GUNMAN COLLIDES UNEXPECTEDLY WITH ZATARA...
UGGH!
LET'S GET AWAY BEFORE HE STARTS ANY MORE OF THEM TRICKS OF HIS!
-GULP!-GOLLY, THIS IS EXCITING!
KNOCKED THE WIND OUT OF ME—JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO ESCAPE!

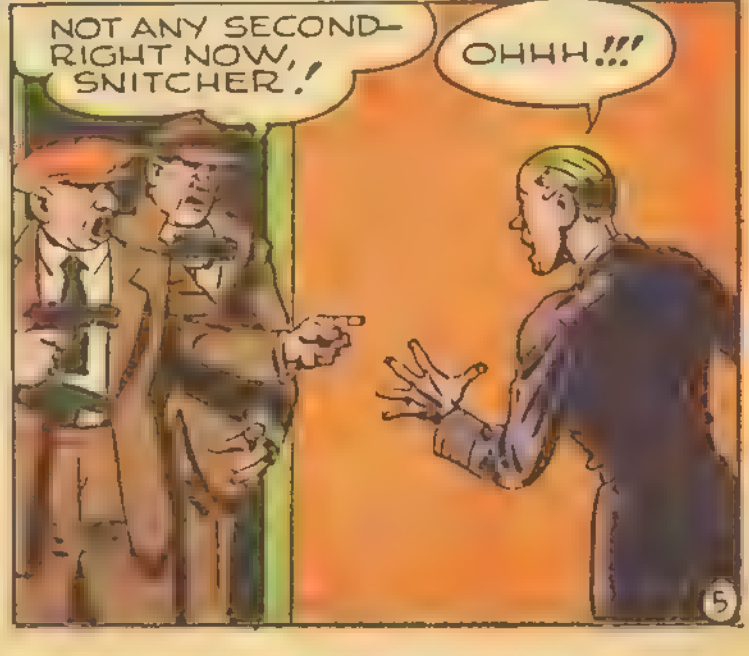
THAT WAS THE "OFFICE" GANG I NEARLY CAUGHT!
THEY SCARE ELEVATOR BOYS LIKE ME, HUH?

WELL, NOT VERY MANY FELLOWS WANT A GANG TO SHOOT THEM, SO THEY KEEP STILL ABOUT THOSE RATS WHEN POLICE SHOW THEM VARIOUS PHOTOGRAPHS!


BUT YOU ARE GOING TO BE DIFFERENT, QUINTUS! YOU'RE GOING TO TELL THE POLICE YOU KNOW WHO THE "OFFICE GANG" IS!
I AM? I AM!!!


THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
IF THAT DOESN'T GET RESULTS, NOTHING WILL!
BRAVE ELEVATOR BOY REVEALS GANGSTERS!
IDENTIFIES GANG WHO FAILED IN ROBBERIES.

I'M SCARED! THEY GOT MY ADDRESS FROM THE OFFICE FILES. THEY'LL BE HERE TO SHOOT ME ANY SECOND!


NOT ANY SECOND— RIGHT NOW, SNITCHER!
OHHH!!!

BUT THE HORRIFIED EYES OF QUINTUS—AND THE EQUALLY HORRIFIED EYES OF THE GANGSTERS SEE AND HEAR A MIRACLE . . .
OH, NO YA DON'T!
WE'RE TIRED OF BEING SHOT BY YOU GANGSTERS!
WE WANT SOME FUN ON OUR OWN ACCOUNT!
YEAH—SOMETHING WE CAN GET OUR TEETH INTO!
OUCH!
ZATARA! AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!
I MERELY CAST A CLOAK OF INVISIBILITY AROUND ME. YOU DIDN'T THINK I'D LEAVE YOU IN THE LURCH!
IT'S ABOUT TIME THEY WERE OFF TO JAIL... ECNUOB NO SDAEH!
OHHH, ARE THEY GOING TO HAVE HEADACHES!
AND THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!
POLICE
BOY, I'M GLAD OF THAT. THEY SURE HAD ME WORRIED FOR A WHILE! I'M GOING TO BE GLAD TO GET AWAY FROM THEM!
YES, SIR. I JUST LOVE THIS NICE, QUIET PLACE NOW!
WELCOME HOME
THE END

Bob Feller

WORLD'S CHAMPION STRIKE OUT - NO HIT SPEEDBALL CLEVELAND INDIANS' PITCHER

Says "BOYS and GIRLS GET ONLY THESE ORIGINAL, GENUINE, PURE, DELICIOUS FROZEN ON-A-STICK CONFECTIONS"

ALL "POPSICLE" PRODUCTS ARE MADE BY SELECTED ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS IN "APPROVED" CLEAN SANITARY PLANTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AND THEY ARE SOLD EVERYWHERE!

Popsicle Pete will send you -

FREE

COOLING — REFRESHING VARIOUS FLAVORS

CHEWY — FUDGY FROZEN DELIGHT

RICH ICE CREAM DELICIOUSLY COATED

RICH ICE CREAM CHOCOLATE COATED

SAVE THE BAGS GET SWELL PRIZES

Grand gifts for bags (or bags and cash) from these products.

Ice Cream On-A-Stick Bags are good too if they say "LICENSED BY JOE LOWE CORPORATION" and — "SAVE THESE BAGS FOR GIFTS."

THIS WONDERFUL "POPSICLE PETE* FUN BOOK" CHOCK FULL OF STORIES, TRICKS, PRIZES, HOBBIES, ADVENTURE, QUIZ, LAUGHS AND ENTERTAINMENT.

FREE PRIZE CATALOG

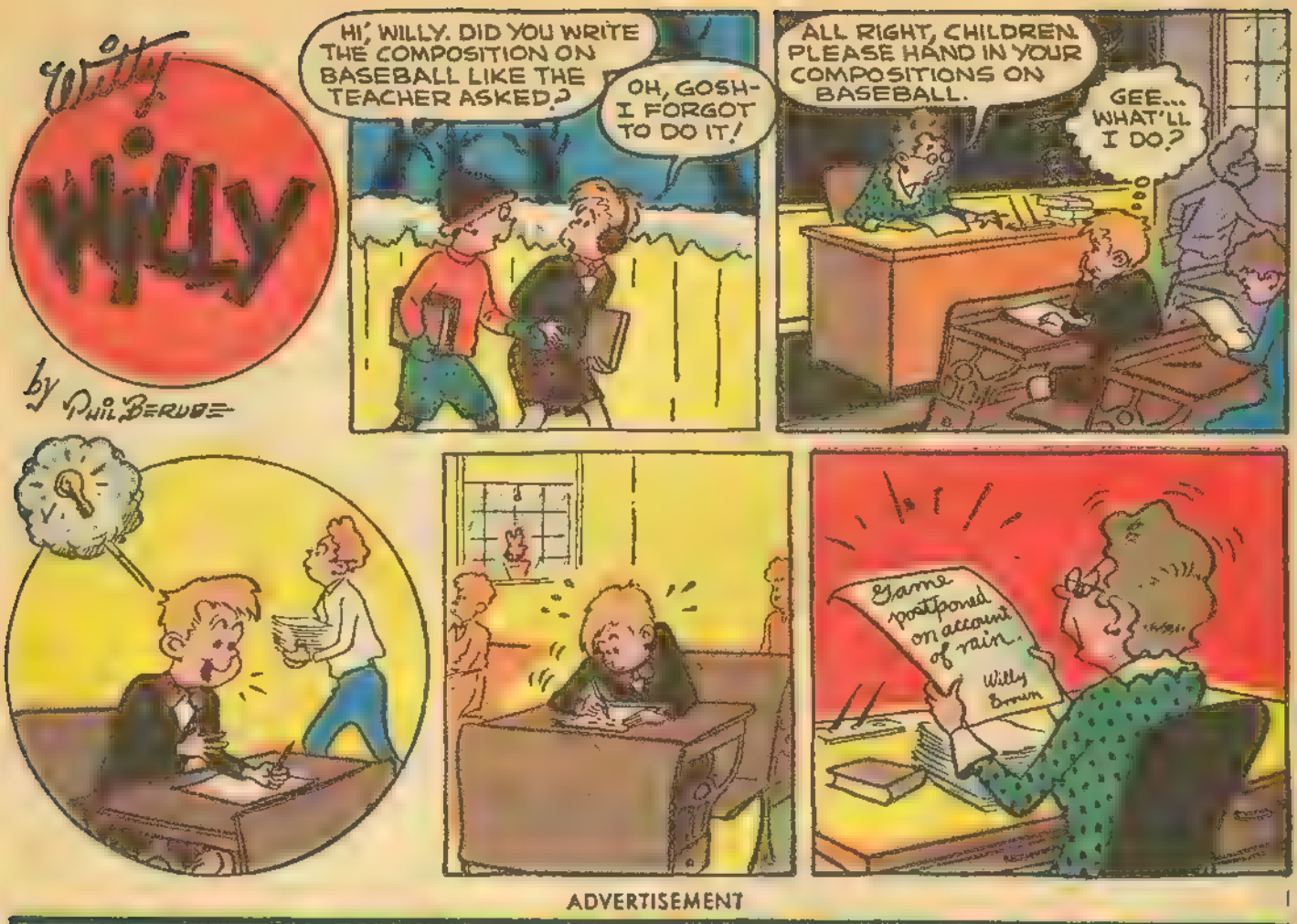
It goes with the "POPSICLE PETE* FUN BOOK." It shows pictures of prizes given just for saving bags (or bags and cash) and tells how many bags needed for each gift.

EASY TO GET

TO GET BOTH THE "POPSICLE PETE* FUN BOOK" AND PRIZE CATALOG JUST SEND A POSTAL CARD WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO

Popsicle Pete*
601 W. 26th ST., NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
In Canada Address
100 Sterling Road, Toronto

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Licensed by Joe Lowe Corp.



ADVERTISEMENT

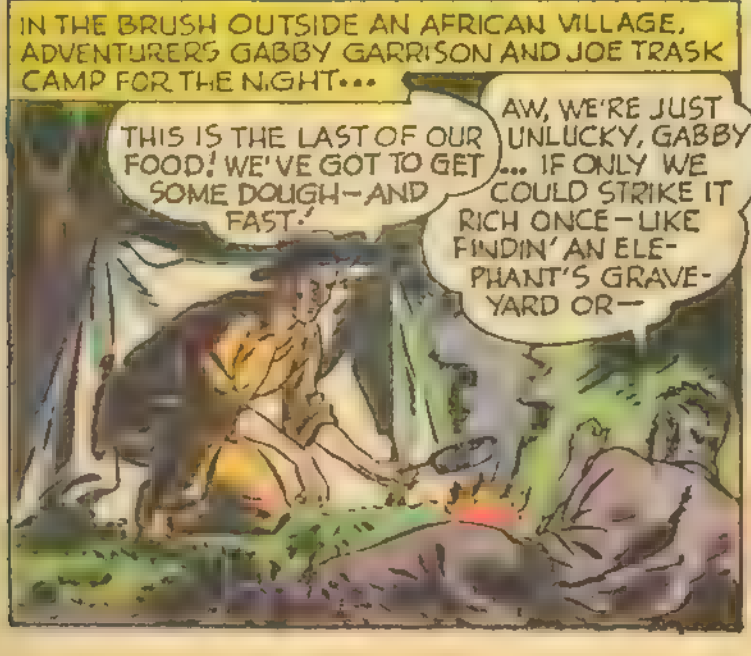
Rollfast

Streamlined
BICYCLES
BALL-BEARING
ROLLER SKATES

They're Super!
Ask the kids who have 'em

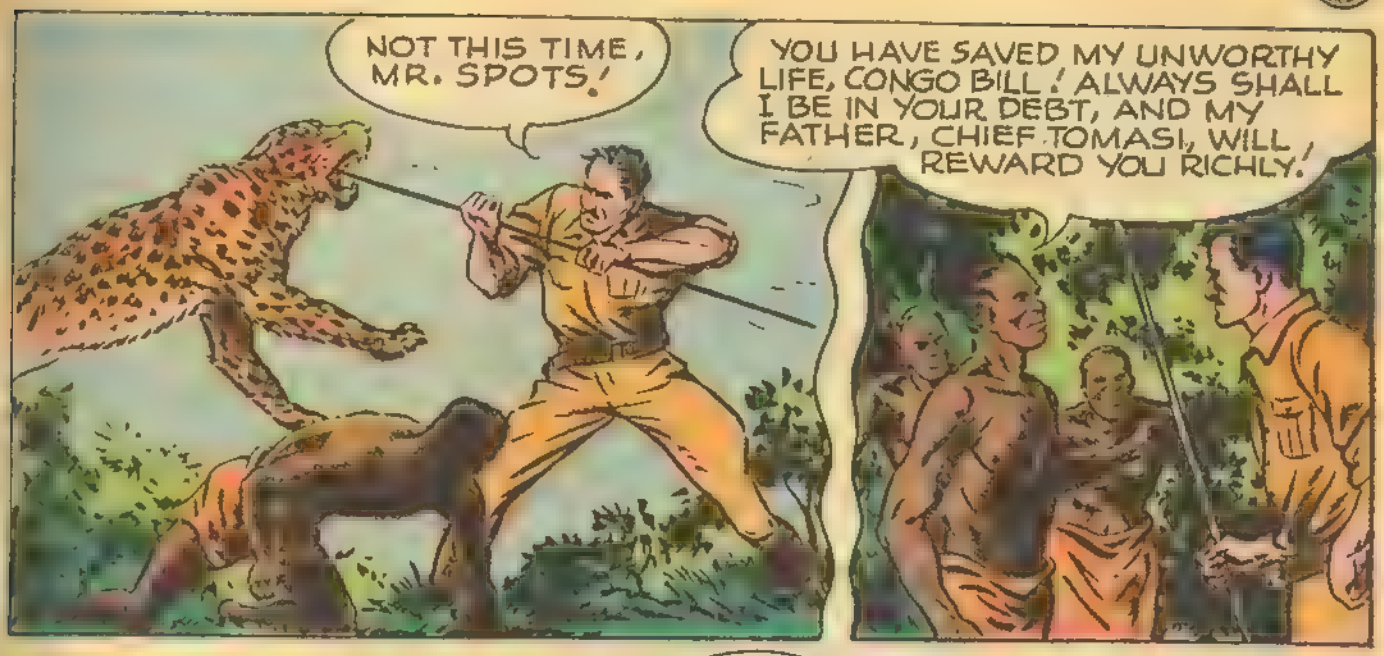
CONGO BILL

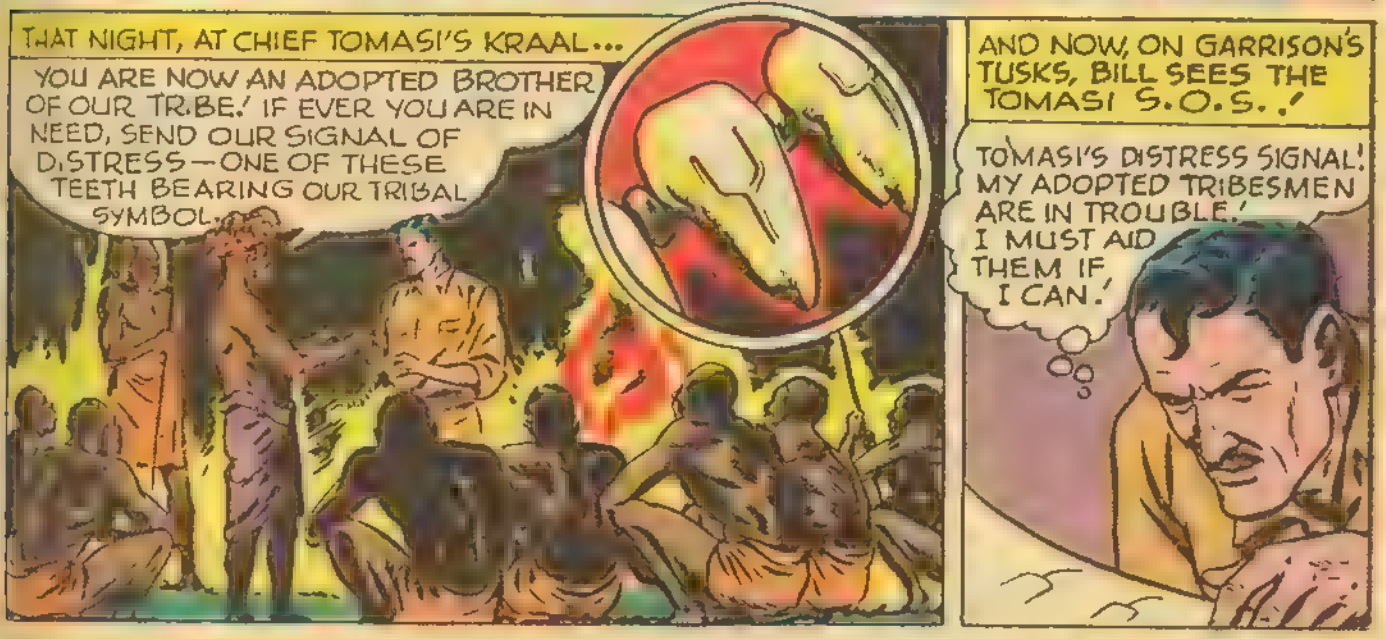
DEEP IN THE HEART OF AFRICA LIES A HIDDEN VALLEY WHERE ELEPHANTS GO WHEN THEY ARE ABOUT TO DIE... OR SO SAY THE LEGENDS THAT FILTER OUT OF THE JUNGLES OF THE DARK CONTINENT! MOST MEN SCOFF AT SUCH STORIES... AND EVEN CONGO BILL, WORLD-WIDE TRAVELER AND ADVENTURER, BELIEVES THE STORY IS MYTH—UNTIL A MAN-MADE MIRACLE LEADS HIM ALONG THE TRAIL OF A DANGEROUS MIRAGE, WHERE HE FINDS WEIRD EVIDENCE OF THE TALE OF...
"THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD!"

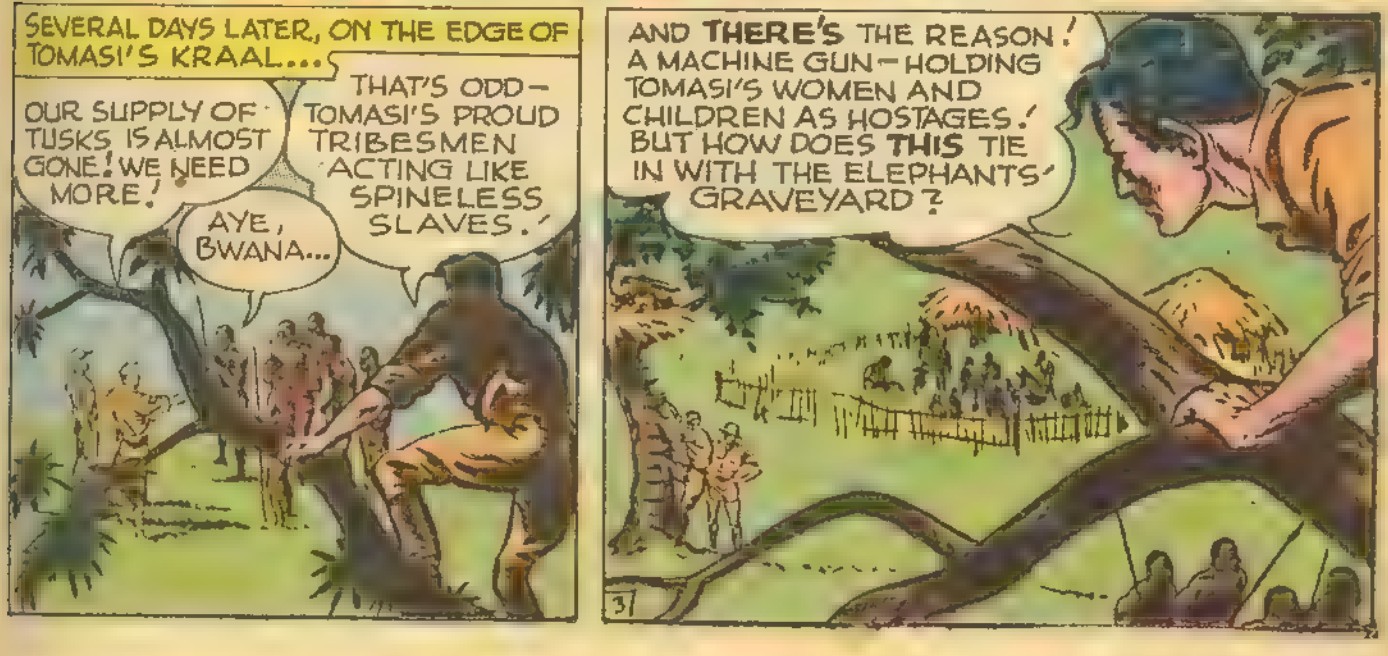

IN THE BRUSH OUTSIDE AN AFRICAN VILLAGE, ADVENTURERS GABBY GARRISON AND JOE TRASK CAMP FOR THE NIGHT...
THIS IS THE LAST OF OUR FOOD! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME DOUGH—AND FAST!
AW, WE'RE JUST UNLUCKY, GABBY... IF ONLY WE COULD STRIKE IT RICH ONCE—LIKE FINDIN' AN ELEPHANT'S GRAVEYARD OR—

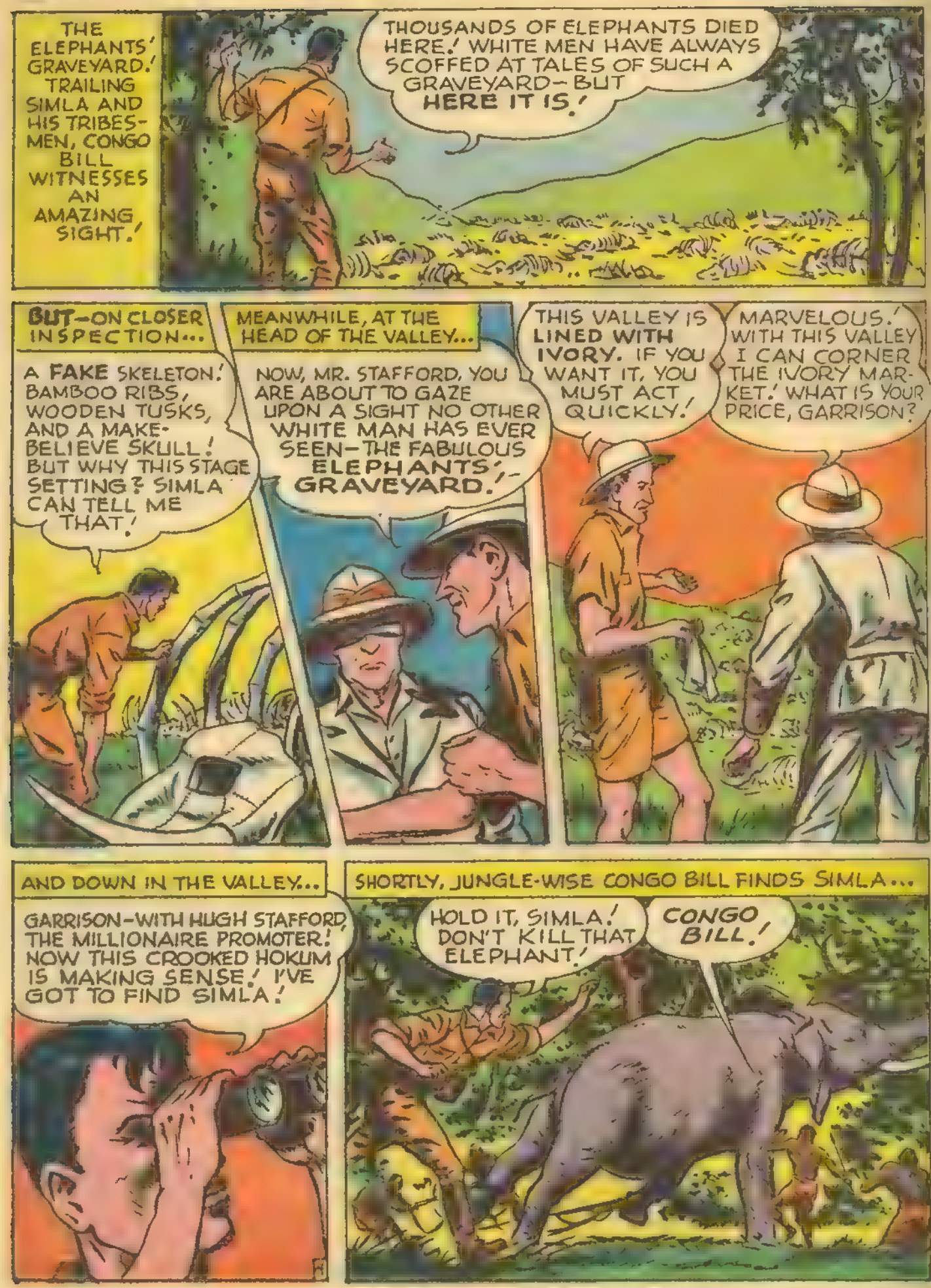
THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD! MAYBE YOU HAVE SOMETHING THERE, JOE! LISTEN...

AND WEEKS LATER, AT A TRADING POST DEEP IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE...
I'LL BUY THEM, MR. GARRISON.' YOUR TUSKS ARE EXCELLENT QUALITY IVORY.'
LOTS MORE WHERE THESE CAME FROM.'
LATER...
I RAISE IT ANOTHER $500.' AND BRING US MORE WINE, WAITER—CHAMPAGNE FOR EVERYBODY.'
HO-HO.' WHAT A SPENDER YOU ARE, GABBY.'
AT A NEARBY TABLE SITS THE FAMOUS WORLD TRAVELER, CONGO BILL, JUST IN FROM THE JUNGLE...
WHO'S THE BIG SPENDER?
HE IS OUR LATEST SENSATION, CONGO BILL—GABBY GARRISON, DISCOVERER OF THE FABULOUS ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.'
THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD.' BUT THAT'S JUST A LEGEND.'
MAYBE SO.' BUT GABBY SPENDS MONEY LIKE WATER, AND WHEN HE NEEDS MORE HE DISAPPEARS FOR A FEW DAYS AND COMES BACK WITH MORE TUSKS.'
LATER, CONGO BILL VISITS THE IVORY TRADER..
THIS IS ONE OF GARRISON'S TUSKS—THEY'RE ALWAYS THE BEST IVORY, CONGO BILL!
HMM... THESE MARKS REMIND ME OF SOMETHING...
SWIFTLY CONGO BILL'S THOUGHTS FLASH BACK SEVERAL YEARS...
GOOD SHOT, INKOSI CONGO BILL!
LOOK OUT, SIMLA!


NOT THIS TIME, MR. SPOTS!
YOU HAVE SAVED MY UNWORTHY LIFE, CONGO BILL! ALWAYS SHALL I BE IN YOUR DEBT, AND MY FATHER, CHIEF TOMASI, WILL REWARD YOU RICHLY!


THAT NIGHT, AT CHIEF TOMASI'S KRAAL...
YOU ARE NOW AN ADOPTED BROTHER OF OUR TRIBE! IF EVER YOU ARE IN NEED, SEND OUR SIGNAL OF DISTRESS—ONE OF THESE TEETH BEARING OUR TRIBAL SYMBOL.
AND NOW, ON GARRISON'S TUSKS, BILL SEES THE TOMASI S.O.S.!
TOMASI'S DISTRESS SIGNAL! MY ADOPTED TRIBESMEN ARE IN TROUBLE! I MUST AID THEM IF I CAN!


SEVERAL DAYS LATER, ON THE EDGE OF TOMASI'S KRAAL...
OUR SUPPLY OF TUSKS IS ALMOST GONE! WE NEED MORE!
AYE, BWANA...
THAT'S ODD—TOMASI'S PROUD TRIBESMEN ACTING LIKE SPINELESS SLAVES!
AND THERE'S THE REASON! A MACHINE GUN—HOLDING TOMASI'S WOMEN AND CHILDREN AS HOSTAGES! BUT HOW DOES THIS TIE IN WITH THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD?
31


THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD! TRAILING SIMLA AND HIS TRIBESMEN, CONGO BILL WITNESSES AN AMAZING SIGHT!
THOUSANDS OF ELEPHANTS DIED HERE! WHITE MEN HAVE ALWAYS SCOFFED AT TALES OF SUCH A GRAVEYARD—BUT HERE IT IS!
BUT—ON CLOSER INSPECTION...
A FAKE SKELETON! BAMBOO RIBS, WOODEN TUSKS, AND A MAKE-BELIEVE SKULL! BUT WHY THIS STAGE SETTING? SIMLA CAN TELL ME THAT!
MEANWHILE, AT THE HEAD OF THE VALLEY...
NOW, MR. STAFFORD, YOU ARE ABOUT TO GAZE UPON A SIGHT NO OTHER WHITE MAN HAS EVER SEEN—THE FABULOUS ELEPHANTS'—GRAVEYARD!
THIS VALLEY IS LINED WITH IVORY. IF YOU WANT IT, YOU MUST ACT QUICKLY!
MARVELOUS! WITH THIS VALLEY I CAN CORNER THE IVORY MARKET! WHAT IS YOUR PRICE, GARRISON?
AND DOWN IN THE VALLEY...
GARRISON—WITH HUGH STAFFORD, THE MILLIONAIRE PROMOTER! NOW THIS CROOKED HOKUM IS MAKING SENSE! I'VE GOT TO FIND SIMLA!
SHORTLY, JUNGLE-WISE CONGO BILL FINDS SIMLA...
HOLD IT, SIMLA! DON'T KILL THAT ELEPHANT!
CONGO BILL!

CONGO BILL, YOU ANSWERED OUR CALL FOR HELP! EVIL DAYS ARE UPON US! WE ARE HELPLESS, FORCED TO BOW TO THE WILL OF AN EVIL ONE...
I KNOW, SIMLA— BUT WE'LL FREE YOU NOW! HEAR MY PLAN... FIRST WE'LL TAKE THIS ELEPHANT, AND...
SHORTLY...
STEP ON IT, OLD-TIMER!
YOUR PRICE IS ROBBERY—BUT FOR THE ELEPHANTS' GRAVEYARD... I'LL PAY IT, GARRISON!
WHEN I GET THE CASH THE VALLEY IS YOURS, STAFFORD! UNTIL THEN, NO WHITE MAN BUT MY PARTNER AND I MAY ENTER THE VALLEY— AAAH—RUN!
BUT—BUT— THAT'S CONGO BILL...
CONGO BILL! HE'S AFTER THE VALLEY, TOO—BUT WE'LL STOP HIM!
IT'S CONGO BILL! LET HIM HAVE IT, TRASK!
ALL RIGHT NOW, OLD FELLOW—STRAIGHT AHEAD! PUSH!
AS YOU WERE! YOU'RE DOWN TO STAY!
I'LL— OOOF!

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mercury No. 1)

BQSJM TIPXFST CSJOH NBZ GMPXFST, TUVFZ JOH XIFO ZPVOH CSJ-OHT HSPXO-VQ QPXFST!

SUPERMAN, JUNE
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

Dear Superman

'Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME AGE

STREET ADDRESS

CITY ZONE. STATE.

NO NEED FOR MURDER

by Patric Dobbs

BIG Ben Stern's Silver Dollar Cafe was alive with light and color. Not that this was Saturday night. These days, every night was Saturday. The new railroad, coming through inch by inch, had brought new people into town. They were attracted there by the big wages the railroad was paying. There was a business boom, and a land boom going on.

It also brought Blackie Ledoux. He stood now outside the Silver Dollar, peering in at the miners and laborers, the cowboys and grifters, the painted women and the townspeople who came to gape. But Blackie Ledoux was there to prey.

It was an old game in a new field for Blackie Ledoux. Although he had never been caught, Blackie had preyed on the unwary for years in gold rush towns. He'd wait until drink had robbed his victims of their power to fight back, then he'd strike.

For this purpose he was now seeking old Jim Bascomb, a grizzled, ancient sourdough. Word had gotten around that Jim Bascomb had struck it rich, that today he had made a large deposit of gold in the Unionville National. But he hadn't filed his claim yet. That meant that if he, Blackie Ledoux, could learn the location of the strike, he could put in a prior claim.

His sharp black eyes darted about the room, stopped on a group of roistering cowboys, who had been clustered together, and now parted to reveal old Jim Bascomb, in their midst.

The prospector, a pile of gold in front of him, had apparently been buying the pokes a drink. Now they thanked him profusely and staggered out.

Old Jim wiped beer foam from his gray mustache and called loudly for more drinks. Blackie's eyes glittered evilly, like a snake measuring for the strike.

"Soon now the old fool will be too drunk to stand," Blackie said to himself. "Then I will get him to talking about his strike." He fished in his pocket for a cigarette. Let Bascomb take all the time he wanted. He, Blackie, would wait.

For two hours more Blackie loitered outside the Silver Dollar. He didn't dare go inside. Once Big Ben Stern had caught him trying to rifle a customer's pocket. The consequences had been extremely painful and Blackie, while no coward with knife in hand, had deemed it prudent to stay out of reach of Big Ben's fists.

It was almost four a. m. before Old Jim decided to leave the Silver Dollar. Although he stood unsteadily on his aged legs, Old Jim's voice was still as strident as in the days of his youth. Big Ben was trying to persuade Old Jim to sleep in the back room.

"Nawthin' doin'," the prospector protested, "I got somethin' to see about come sun-up, and I ain't a-stayin' in town. No sirree!"

Blackie's pulse resumed its normal course again. His hunch had been right. The old man had struck it rich and, even now, was about to lead the way to the strike.

"Now see here, Jim," Big Ben said affectionately, "you're too old to be running around with a poke full of gold. You know this town isn't safe any more. Better leave it with me."

Blackie's face clouded, and he awaited the old man's reply with abated breath.

"No siree!" The old man patted a huge, ancient gun he wore. "This'll take care of me." He lurched toward the door. Blackie made haste to withdraw into the shadows. He'd give old Jim a little head start.

He watched the old man mount his horse. Then he prepared to follow. But just as he mounted his own horse, Big Ben appeared in the doorway. With him was one of his men. Big Ben was saying, "You'd better ride

with old Jim and see that he gets home okay, Tracy. I'm worried about the old man."

"Okay, Boss." The cowboy walked toward the hitching post. "I'll catch up with him."

Black rage took possession of Blackie. So, they'd ruin his plan? Well, he'd have to do something about it. And it was but a matter of seconds to figure what that something would be.

He spurred his horse, headed in a different direction to the one Tracy had taken.

On the pass leading into the canyon, which in turn lead to the mountain alongside which Blackie's cabin sat, there was a huge tree. It was in this tree that Blackie was hiding when Tracy and old Jim rode by.

Deftly, Blackie dropped a lariat over Tracy's head. There wasn't a sound from the cowboy as he lost consciousness. Old Jim, who had been dozing in the saddle, suddenly roused from his lethargy as Tracy's body hit the ground with a thud. He reached for his gun.

Blackie's knife flashed. The old man dropped from the horse. He would never speak now.

"Too bad," Blackie said, as he removed the gold from the old man's poke. "But you should not have reached for a gun, old man." He spat. Then, with anxious fingers he probed the contents of the dead man's pockets. Nothing. No map or sketch to show the location of the claim.

There was only one thing to be done—search the prospector's cabin. Bascomb must have left his map there. Hurriedly, Blackie dragged both bodies to the heavy sagebrush. Tracy was still alive, breathing heavily. Blackie kicked him viciously. If it hadn't been for Tracy, there'd have been no need for murder.

But there were no witnesses, and they could pin nothing on him.

Dawn was streaking the sky as he approached the prospector's weatherbeaten cabin from the rear. The cabin, halfway up the mountain, seemed to dangle in mid-air. For a moment, Blackie felt panic as he saw a group of men at the foot of the mountain.

"I'm getting too nervous," he told himself, "they're just people from the railroad. They can't see me."

He stole into the cabin. Its interior was as crude as the outside, and it was sparsely furnished. Anxiously, Blackie searched every nook and cranny and, as his search progressed without result, his anger grew. Somewhere, someplace, the old fool had hidden the map. And the gold. Blackie slashed about with his knife, ripping everything. Fury lent power to his search and when at last he stopped, the cabin was a shambles.

Panting with rage and frustration, Blackie flung himself into a chair. "He has fooled me," he raged, "but I will find it yet. It has got to be here someplace." His hand, holding the knife, trembled. How he'd like to sink it again into the old man, make him talk!

But it was too late for that now. He had struck fast and swiftly. Now, he must get control of himself. For he was still safe; no one could connect him with the murder. But he must be careful.

He got to his feet. "No, a dead man will not outwit me," he said. On hands and knees, he started digging at the floor, scooping up mounds of dirt.

And down at the foot of the mountain, Ed Blaney, of the railroad construction gang, looked at his watch. "Six o'clock, Terry," he said to his dynamiter. "Time to blast that mountain to bits. We can't wait for Old Jim any longer. I hate to do it, but we've got to be on schedule. And I told Old Jim to be here on time if he wanted to see his cabin go up."

"You probably won't see Old Jim for a week," Terry smiled. "It'll take him at least that long to spend that gold the railroad paid him for the right of way through his property. What a night he must have had in town!"

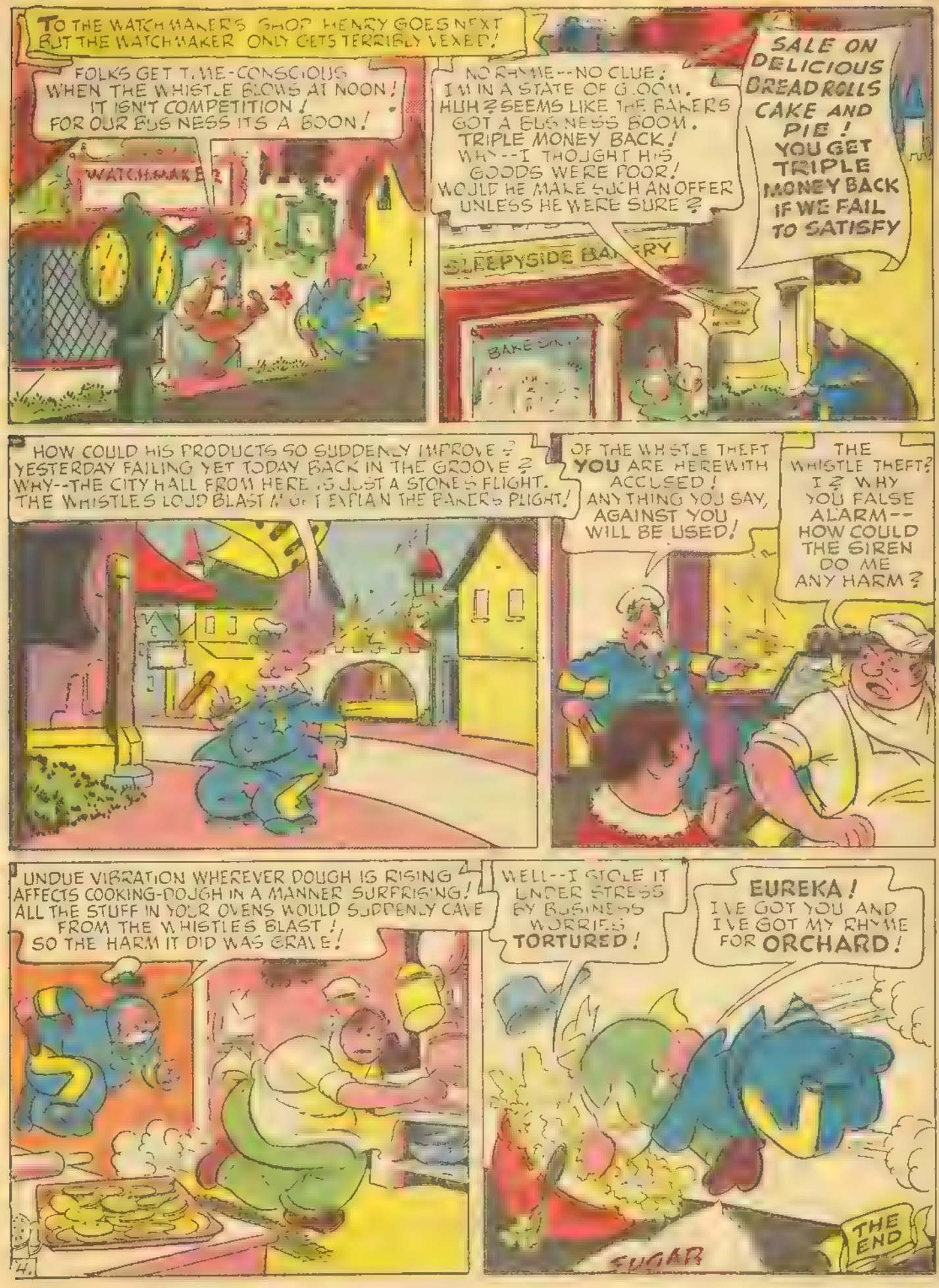
Then his hand pushed down the plunger on the dynamite box. Pushed it down confidently, for when Terry Sullivan dynamited something, including the side of a mountain, there was never anything left.

There wasn't this time, either.

HAYFOOT HENRY
THIS IS THE TALE OF A BAKER OF CAKES, WHO KNEADED THE DOUGH BUT WHO GOT BAD BREAKS! HIS CAKES FELL IN, HIS ROLLS WERE UNSAVORY, COULD THIS HAVE BEEN CAUSED BY SOME UNKNOWN'S KNAVERY? OR WAS THE EXPLANATION: "BOYS WILL BE BOYS"-- OR PERHAPS "THE THEFT OF A VERY LOUD NOISE!"
OUTSIDE THE SLEEPYSIDE BAKERY SHOP, THE BAKER'S APPROACHED BY HENRY THE COP.
PARDON ME, BUT YOUR LOOK OF REFLECTION SUGGESTS A MIND FOR RHYME DETECTION. A RHYME FOR ORCHARD I SADLY NEED, IT'S CAUSED ME SUCH WORRY, I'M OFF MY FEED.
REFLECTION NOTHING! I'M JUST FEELING SAD. THE BAKERY TRADE IS TERRIBLY BAD. IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING DESPERATE SOON, MY BUSINESS WON'T LAST ANOTHER NOON!

IT WOULD SERVE YOU RIGHT, THAT'S WHAT I SAY. ALL YOUR BAKED GOODS TASTE LIKE CLAY.
IT'S THE FAULT OF SOMETHING BEYOND MY CONTROL! NO OTHER BAKER CAN BAKE A BETTER ROLL!
FLOUR
WHO CARES ABOUT ROLLS? I'M ON A DIET. BACK TO MY HOME FOR PEACE AND QUIET!
SO ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT AND THE FOLLOWING MORN, A VAIN QUEST FOR RHYME LEAVES HENRY QUITE WORN.
YAWN--MY WATCH HAS STOPPED, BUT IT'S PAST NOON, I KNOW. STILL I DIDN'T HEAR THE SLEEPYSIDE NOON WHISTLE BLOW.
BEG PARDON, HENRY. WHAT TIME IS IT NOW? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE WHISTLE, ANYHOW?
I DIDN'T HEAR IT. I WONDER, TOO. PERHAPS WE DIDN'T HEAR IT WHEN IT BLEW!
HENRY--RUN QUICK! THE MAYOR'S VERY SOUR! THE NOON WHISTLE'S GONE FROM THE CITY HALL TOWER!
MR. MAYOR-- I'M HERE! THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR!
THE WHISTLE'S MISSING, I MISSED ITS NOISE! DO YOU THINK IT WAS DONE BY SOME MISCHIEVOUS BOYS?
2.

MISSING IT IS! OF THAT THERE'S NO DOUBT! BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS THEFT IS ABOUT!
PERHAPS IT WAS THE TRUMPET PLAYER, HOT-LIPS TWEEP, BECAUSE THE WHISTLE BLAST WAS DISTURBING TO HIS SLEEP!
OR THE WATCHMAKER'S PALS COULD BE BEHIND THE CRIME. PEOPLE DON'T NEED WATCHES IF THE WHISTLE BLOWS THE TIME! BUT, TRULY, SIR, I CAN'T THINK WITHOUT A RHYME. A RHYME FOR ORCHARD WOULD REALLY BE SUBLIME!
NEVER MIND WHY! JUST GET IT BACK, BEFORE I BECOME A MANIAC!
FOR ONE HUNDRED YEARS THAT WHISTLE HAS SUNG, AND YOU FUSS ABOUT RHYME WHILE THE VILLAIN GOES UNHUNG!
CALM YOURSELF, MAYOR. WHY THIS OUTBURST? I'LL TRY MY SUSPECTS-- THE TRUMPET PLAYER FIRST!
TO SEE HOT-LIPS TWEEP GOES HENRY IN HASTE! IS HIS GUESS GOOD? HAS THE CULPRIT BEEN TRACED?
ME STEAL THE WHISTLE? HA-HA! THAT'S STEEP! HOW CAN IT WAKE ME? I NEVER EVEN SLEEP!
SORRY, OLD BOY, DIDN'T MEAN TO BE A PEST AS A RHYME FOR ORCHARD, WHAT WOULD YOU SUGGEST?
MY BUSINESS AIN'T RHYME! MY RACKET IS RHYTHM!
HIS NEIGHBORS MUST BE DEAF OR THEY COULDN'T, PUT UP WITH 'IM!
BEEEAAA
3


TO THE WATCHMAKER'S SHOP HENRY GOES NEXT
BUT THE WATCHMAKER ONLY GETS TERRIBLY VEXED!
FOLKS GET TIME-CONSCIOUS
WHEN THE WHISTLE BLOWS AT NOON!
IT ISN'T COMPETITION!
FOR OUR BUSINESS IT'S A BOON!
WATCHMAKER
NO RHYME--NO CLUE!
I'M IN A STATE OF GLOOM.
HUH? SEEMS LIKE THE BAKERS
GOT A BUSINESS BOOM.
TRIPLE MONEY BACK!
WHY--I THOUGHT HIS
GOODS WERE POOR!
WOULD HE MAKE SUCH AN OFFER
UNLESS HE WERE SURE?
SLEEPYSIDE BAKERY
BAKE SHOP
SALE ON
DELICIOUS
BREAD ROLLS
CAKE AND
PIE!
YOU GET
TRIPLE
MONEY BACK
IF WE FAIL
TO SATISFY
HOW COULD HIS PRODUCTS SO SUDDENLY IMPROVE?
YESTERDAY FAILING YET TODAY BACK IN THE GROOVE?
WHY--THE CITY HALL FROM HERE IS JUST A STONE'S FLIGHT.
THE WHISTLE'S LOUD BLAST MUST EXPLAIN THE BAKER'S PLIGHT!
OF THE WHISTLE THEFT
YOU ARE HEREWITH
ACCUSED!
ANYTHING YOU SAY,
AGAINST YOU
WILL BE USED!
THE
WHISTLE THEFT?
I? WHY
YOU FALSE
ALARM--
HOW COULD
THE SIREN
DO ME
ANY HARM?
UNDUE VIBRATION WHEREVER DOUGH IS RISING
AFFECTS COOKING-DOUGH IN A MANNER SURPRISING!
ALL THE STUFF IN YOUR OVENS WOULD SUDDENLY CAVE
FROM THE WHISTLE'S BLAST!
SO THE HARM IT DID WAS GRAVE!
WELL--I STOLE IT
UNDER STRESS
BY BUSINESS
WORRIES
TORTURED!
EUREKA!
I'VE GOT YOU AND
I'VE GOT MY RHYME
FOR ORCHARD!
SUGAR
THE END

Dogs, Wild Animals—A Whole New Set!

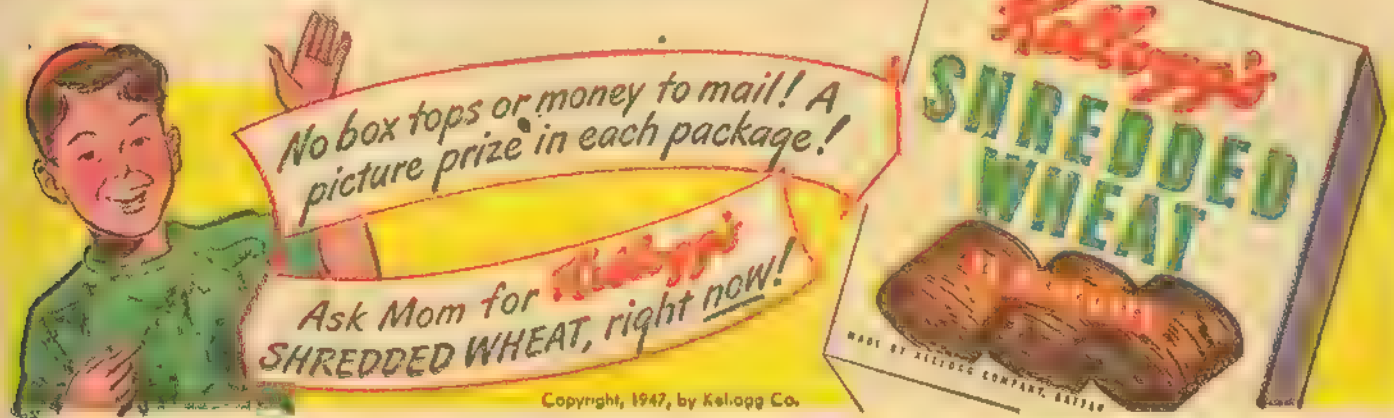
SWELL FOR SHIRTS, jackets, bandanas, and sweatshirts! An exciting animal transfer in your package of *Kellogg's* Shredded Wheat: a roaring Hippopotamus, Boston Terrier, Russian Wolfhound, alert Airedale, walking Camel, or a snazzy Seal!

EASY TO PUT ON! Mom simply presses 'em on your clothing with a hot iron. They come out clean and sharp—can be washed many times. Start wearing them today—swap extras to get the whole set—it's neat fun! Ask *Mom* to get you Kellogg's Shredded Wheat *now!*

Show this to Mom

MOM!—THIS IS FOR YOU! Kellogg's Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat—tempting, toasted, nourishing, and *delicious*.

15 generous biscuits made to fit the bowl. Kids love Kellogg's Shredded Wheat—and love these transfer prizes, too!



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"U.S." ROYAL WITH HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE

HOW JET-PROPULSION WORKS

DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL STREAKS TO A STOP ON HIS JET-PROPELLED BIKE...

HI, FELLAS!

WOW! WHAT SPEED!

GOSH, U.S.-- HOW DOES THAT JET ENGINE WORK?

IT'S EASY, BOYS... REMEMBER NEWTON'S THIRD LAW OF MOTION: EVERY ACTION PRODUCES A RE-ACTION.

"AS THE AIR SHOOTS OUT OF THIS BALLOON IN ONE DIRECTION, THE REACTION PUSHES IT IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION."

AIR

KEROSENE VAPOR

COMBUSTION CHAMBER

COMPRESSOR

"AND HERE - TO PUT IT SIMPLY - IS HOW A JET ENGINE WORKS. AT THE FRONT END, A **COMPRESSOR**... A SORT OF **FAN**... FORCES AIR INTO A **COMBUSTION CHAMBER**, WHERE KEROSENE VAPOR IS MIXED WITH IT."

WHEN A SPARK STARTS THE VAPOR AND AIR BURNING, IT EXPANDS RAPIDLY ...SHOOTING OUT THE BACK AND DRIVING THE ENGINE FORWARD.

SPARK

EXPANDING GASES

JET

BUT WHAT TURNS THE FAN UP FRONT?

SHAFT

TURBINE

JET

"AH, THAT'S THE TRICKY PART! ON THE WAY OUT, THE "JET" OF EXPANDING GASES TURNS A TURBINE... ANOTHER SORT OF FAN. AND THE **TURBINE** TURNS A SHAFT THAT TURNS THE **COMPRESSOR**."

"UNCLE SAM'S NEWEST FIGHTING PLANES ARE JET-POWERED... RACE ALONG AT 500-600 MILES PER HOUR."

GEE, U.S. ... THAT JET-SPEED MUST BE PRETTY TOUGH ON YOUR BIKE TIRES!

THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS INSIST ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES.

THEY'RE TOUGH AND PLENTY RUGGED. AND DON'T FORGET THAT BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN FOR BETTER CONTROL.

NEXT ISSUE: OUTWITTING THE KIDNAPPERS!

THAT "BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN" GIVES ME TOP PERFORMANCE ...SAYS "U.S." ROYAL!

"YOUR BIKE COMES ALIVE IN THE SPRINTS WHEN YOU'RE RIDIN' ON U.S. BIKE TIRES. "U.S." HOLDS THE ROAD WITH PERFECT BALANCE, SURE TRACTION. THAT BUILT-IN CHAIN DESIGN IS A RAPID-FIRE STOPPER TOO, AND FOR MORE MILEAGE, U.S. IS TOPS."

U.S. BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires

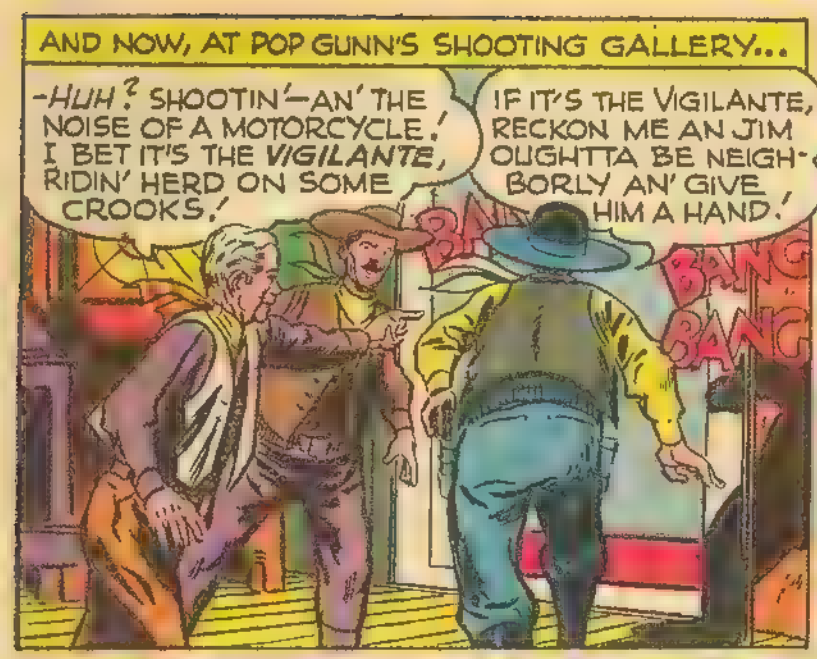
UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

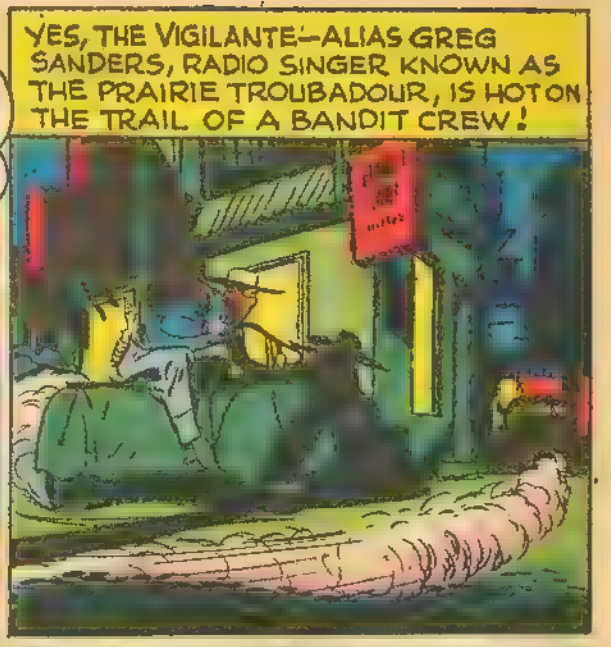
Serving Through Science

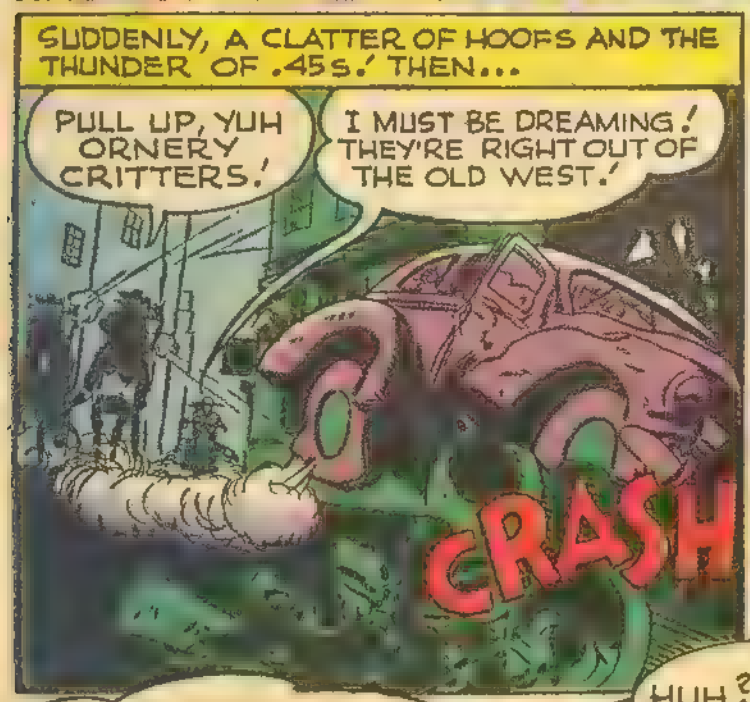
VIGILANTE
REMEMBER POP GUNN?—THE SHERIFF OF TIMES SQUARE!! WHO LIVES FOR THE THRILL OF DRUMMING HOOFBEATS AND BELLOWING SIX-GUNS—BETWEEN THE COVERS OF WILD WEST MAGAZINES! HE'S BACK—AS THE VIGILANTE'S CRIME-BUSTING TRAIL CROSSES THAT OF VETERAN TEXAS RANGERS, IN FROM WIND-SWEPT PLAINS TO TRY THEIR LUCK IN CITY CANYONS! DANGER, DARING AND SURPRISES FILL THIS TALE OF HORSES AGAINST MOTORS AND MEN AGAINST TWO-LEGGED COYOTES, IN WHICH—
"Pop Gunn Rides Again!"

DEEP IN THE HEART OF TIMES SQUARE, POP GUNN SPINS ANOTHER OF HIS WILD YARNS...
YEP, SONNY, THERE I WAS—THE LAST MAN ALIVE IN THE ALAMO—AN' THE ENEMY ATTACKIN' AGAIN.'
A FREE SHOT FOR
GOLLY!
BUT POP HAS PICKED A BAD TIME FOR DREAMING OUT LOUD.'
HOLD ON, STRANGER! THE ALAMO MASSACRE WAS 110 YEAR AGO, AN' WE TEXANS DON'T LIKE LIARS!
RECKON YUH BETTER ADMIT YUH WASN'T THERE—OR BEAT ME TO THE DRAW!
DON'T SHOOT.' I AIN'T NEVER BEEN WEST O' HOBOKEN, BUT I SHORE DO WISH I WAS A ROOTIN'—TOOTIN' COWBOY, FELLAS, INSTEAD OF A BROKEN-DOWN CITY SLICKER.'
RECKON WE SYMPATHIZE, PARDNER, BEIN' A COUPLE O' BROKEN-DOWN RANGERS OURSELVES!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE REAL TEXAS RANGERS? ALL MY LIFE I'VE DREAMED OF BEIN' ONE.'
YUH WOULDN'T LIKE IT NOWADAYS, PARDNER! THE RANGERS AIN'T WHAT THEY WAS 40 YEARS AGO. WAIT'LL I TELL YUH WHY JIM AN' ME QUIT.
"WE TRAILED SOME BANK ROBBERS TO A HIDEOUT IN TH' HILLS AND WUZ SWAPPIN' LEAD, WHEN A SLUG KNOCKED JIM OFF'N HIS HOSS . . ."
I'M HIT, SAM.' YUH GOT TO TAKE 'EM ALIVE.'
SHORE, JIM.' ONE OF US CAN DO THE JOB—THERE'S ONLY ONE PACK O' THE COYOTES.'
BLAST IT.' LIGHTNIN' DONE STEPPED IN A GOPHER HOLE.'
2

THEY'RE GETT.N', AWAY BY AUTO.' WE'VE LOST 'EM.'
AN' I'VE LOST LIGHTN.N.' HIS LEG'S BROKE, JIM, SO I'LL HAFTA SHOOT HIM.'
LIGHT.N.' OLD FELLA, I RECKON YUH KNOW I'M DOIN' THIS TO SPARE YUH DYIN', SLOW AN' PAINFUL.'
YUH ST.LL GOT LONE STAR, SAM... BUT I KNOW HOW YUH FEEL...
"LATER, BACK AT OUR POST, THE NEW RECRUITS WHO USE AUTOS AN' MOTORCYLES INSTEAD OF HOSSES, RAWHIDED ME AN' J.M ABOUT OUR FAILURE..."
HI, OLD-TIMERS.' DID SAM'S HAYBURNER RUN OUT OF FUEL?
SHUT UP, YUH RING-TAILED GALOOT.' WE DON'T FEEL LIKE TRADIN' LIP, W.TH DUDE RANGERS.'
"AN' THE CH.EF, A CITY-BRED YOUNKER, DON'T UNDERSTAND ABOUT HOSSES, EITHER..."
SO THE ROBBERS GOT AWAY— BY CAR.' MAYBE YOU'LL GIVE UP YOUR HORSES AND USE CARS, NOW.'
AUTOS CAN BREAK DOWN TOO, CAP'N.'
IN THE FUTURE, YOU'LL USE CARS—OR I'LL TAKE YOU OFF ACTIVE DUTY.'
RECKON I'M TOO OLD FOR NEW TR.CKS, AN' TOO YOUNG TO LOAF.' I'M RESIGNIN'.'
I'M QUITTIN', TOO.' SAM AN' ME HAVE RODE TOGETHER FOR 40 YEARS, AND I AIN'T LEAVIN' HIM NOW.'
LET'S HIT THE TRAIL, JIM.' MAYBE OUR RANGER EXPERIENCE WILL GET US A JOB WITH THE LAWMEN IN THE EAST.'
13

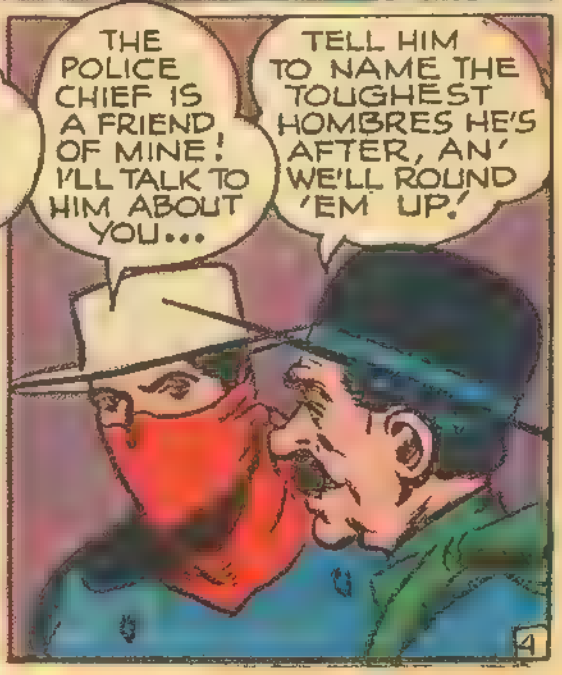

AND NOW, AT POP GUNN'S SHOOTING GALLERY...
-HUH? SHOOTIN'—AN' THE NOISE OF A MOTORCYCLE! I BET IT'S THE VIGILANTE, RIDIN' HERD ON SOME CROOKS!
IF IT'S THE VIGILANTE, RECKON ME AN JIM OUGHTTA BE NEIGHBORLY AN' GIVE HIM A HAND!
BANG
BANG
BANG


YES, THE VIGILANTE—ALIAS GREG SANDERS, RADIO SINGER KNOWN AS THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, IS HOT ON THE TRAIL OF A BANDIT CREW!


SUDDENLY, A CLATTER OF HOOFS AND THE THUNDER OF .45s! THEN...
PULL UP, YUH ORNERY CRITTERS!
I MUST BE DREAMING! THEY'RE RIGHT OUT OF THE OLD WEST!
CRASH

HI'YA, VIGILANTE! HOPE YUH DON'T MIND US BUSTIN' IN ON YORE PARTY?
I'LL THANK YOU FOR IT AS SOON AS I TAKE CARE OF THIS RAT!

SAM AN' JIM ARE SURE-'NOUGH TEXAS RANGERS, VIG—COME TO JOIN UP WITH THE POLICE IN OUR TOWN!
HUH? YOU WANT TO BE POLICEMEN HERE—AT YOUR AGE?


THE POLICE CHIEF IS A FRIEND OF MINE! I'LL TALK TO HIM ABOUT YOU...
TELL HIM TO NAME THE TOUGHEST HOMBRES HE'S AFTER, AN' WE'LL ROUND 'EM UP!
4

NEXT MORNING, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS..
CITY POLICE WORK IS A JOB FOR SPECIALLY TRAINED MEN! BUT AS A FAVOR TO THE VIGILANTE, I'LL PUT YOU ON NIGHT PATROL DUTY IN THE PARK...
PARK! ME AN' SAM CRAVE ACTION—NOT PICNICS!
BUT THE PARK IT IS FOR SAM AND JIM! AND NEXT DAY...
SO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT HAS TURNED INTO AN OLD FOLKS' HOME!
THE CHIEF MUST BE CRAZY, PUTTING OVER-AGE COWHANDS ON DUTY IN THE PARK!
I FEEL AS SILLY IN THESE DUDS AS THAT OLD HOSS MUST FEEL IN THAT HAT!
MAYBE THE BOYS BACK HOME WERE RIGHT! MAYBE WE'RE FINISHED AND AIN'T GOT SENSE ENOUGH TO KNOW IT.'
THAT EVENING, POP GUNN HEADS FOR THE PARK...
I'LL LOOK UP SAM AND JIM.' WHY SHOULD I READ STORIES ABOUT THE WEST WHEN I CAN HEAR 'EM TOLD BY REAL RANGERS?
LATER, AS A COYOTE IN THE PARK ZOO HOWLS, AND A CAR'S RADIO PLAYS A WESTERN BALLAD...
RIDIN' THE TUMBLEWEED TRAIL...
OW-OOO-OOO
THAT'S THE PRAIRIE-TROUBADOUR ON THE RADIO! A MAKE-BELIEVE COWBOY—BUT HE SHORE CAN SING.'
MEANWHILE, AT A NEARBY THEATER...
CURTAINS FOR YOU, COPPER.'
AAAA-A-A..
HYNNTU
5

GREG SANDERS, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, HEARS THE ALARM AS HE LEAVES THE RADIO STATION...

ATTENTION! THREE KILLER BANDITS... HEADING NORTH IN BLACK SEDAN...

THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY! LUCKILY I'VE GOT MY VIGILANTE OUTFIT AND COLLAPSIBLE MOTORCYCLE IN BACK OF THE CAR.

AND SHORTLY, THE VIGILANTE IS ON THE CROOKS' TRAIL.'

HE'S CATCHING UP.'

I'LL TOSS A SEAT CUSHION AT HIM.'

THE THUGS ENTER THE PARK, LEAVE THEIR CAR, AND...

HIDE DA CAR IN DA BUSHES.'

WHAT A STUNT—A GETAWAY WITH A HORSE AND BUGGY! GRAB THE PLUG'S HAT AND BLANKET, LEFTY.'

MOMENTS LATER...

NOT A CAR IN SIGHT.'

THE VIGILANTE! BUT HE'LL NEVER SUSPECT US IN THIS GET-UP!

SHORTLY, THE VIGILANTE MEETS POP AND THE RANGERS, AND A POSSE IS HASTILY ORGANIZED!

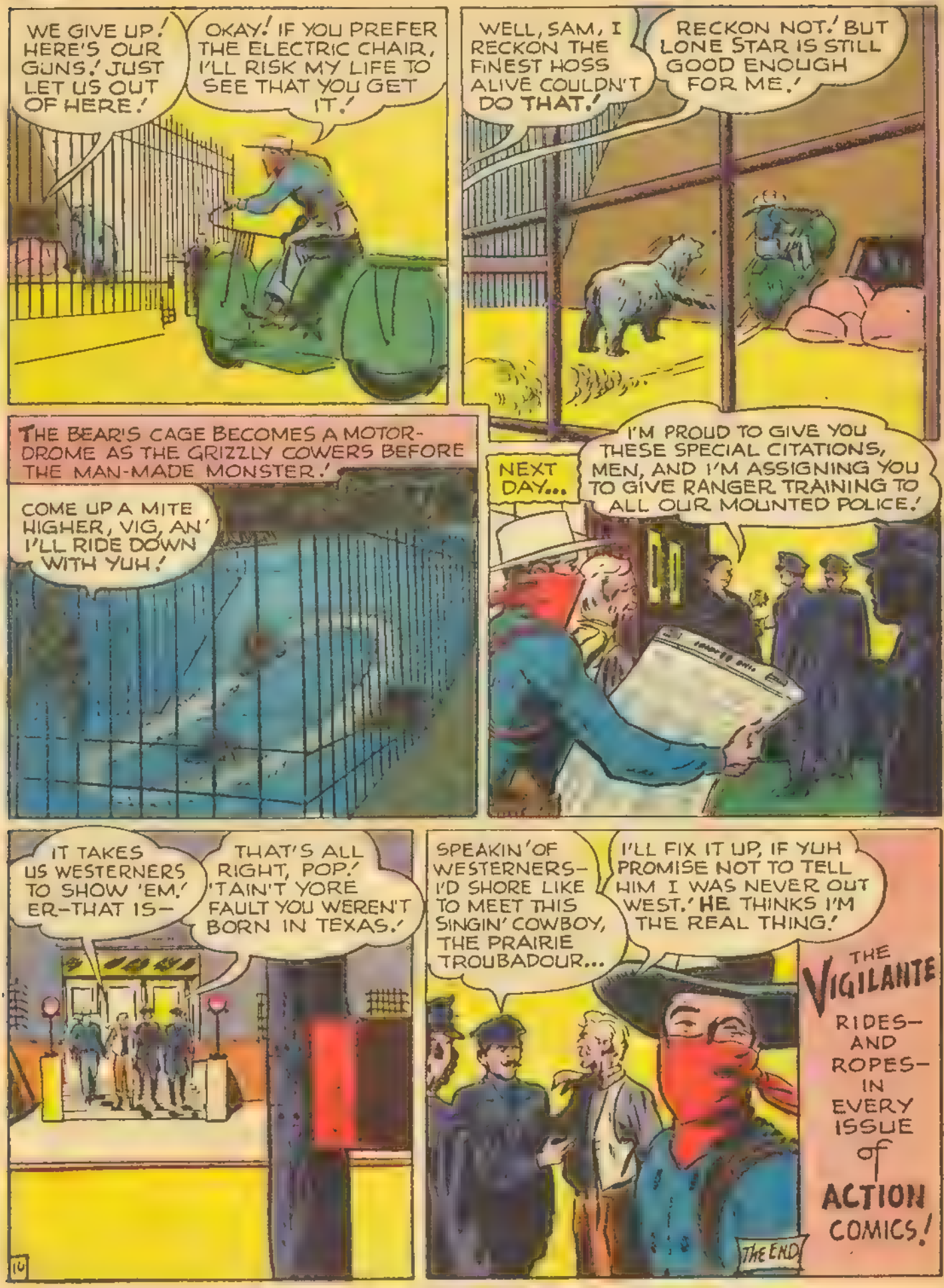
I'LL RIDE DOUBLE ON THE VIG'S TIN CAYUSE.'

YOU TAKE ONE SIDE O' THE PARK, JIM, AND I'LL TAKE THE OTHER...

THEN—SAM'S FAITH IN HORSES PAYS OFF AS HIS STEED SHIES AT A SPRAWLED FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS..
THAT HACK DRIVER—UNCONSCIOUS! AN' THAT CAR IN THE BRUSH IS LIKE THE ONE THE CROOKS USED!
TRACKIN' A HOSS IS A CINCH OUT WEST—BUT ALL I GOT TO GO BY HERE IS A HORSESHOE WITH A BUSTED CALK SCRATCHIN' THE PAVEMENT!
MEANWHILE, JIM ALSO FINDS A CLUE...
DOGGED IF IT AIN'T THE SAME BUGGY WE SAW BEFORE! BUT THERE'S A DIFFERENT DRIVER, AN' ONE O' THE PASSENGERS IS WEARIN' THE HOSS'S HAT AN' BLANKET!
THEN THE VETERAN RANGER BECOMES THE FIRST CASUALTY!
HOLD ON THAR, YOU— UH-H-H...
ON A ROAD ABOVE THE ZOO CAGES...
THEY'RE IN THE COACH—AND THEY'VE SHOT JIM! HANG ON, POP! WE'RE GOING DOWN!
HEY, YOU IDJIT! THERE'S A BEAR'S CAVE RIGHT UNDER US!
THEN—A NERVE-TINGLING LEAP! AND...
MADE IT!
HEY! HALP!
7

BUT THE CROOKS ARE STOPPED.'
WHERE'D HE DROP FROM?
HALP!
THEN SAM RIDES UP, AND...
REACH, GRANDPA!
YUH'LL KILL YERSELF YET, WITH THAT CONTRAPTION, VIG!... HUH? JEEPERS! I'VE LET 'EM GIT THE DROP ON ME!
MEANWHILE, JIM REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS...
LEMME DOWN! HALP!
I'LL— LET THESE— B'ARS LOOSE (GASP) I'M—STILL DIZZY...
YIIII! I'M FALLIN'!
ARRGH-H-H
THE BEAR— I'LL STOP HIM FIRST.'
DON'T SHOOT.' IT'LL ONLY MAKE H M MADDER IF YOU HIT HIM.'
INTO THE CAGE.' THAT'S THE ONE PLACE THE BEAR WON'T GO.'
A GRIZZLY IN THE CITY.' WHAT NEXT.!?'
3

THE NOISE OF THE MOTOR IS SCARING HIM AWAY!
HOW ABOUT ME? IF I LET GO HE MIGHT TURN ON ME!
YOU'LL SAVE LIVES BY LETTING US GET AWAY, VIGILANTE!
WITH THAT ROCK BARRICADE THEY'LL BE HARD TO WIND UP!
WHAT'S THE IDEA, ROPING ME? GET SOME ROPES ON THIS CRITTER!
I GOT TO USE YOU, PARDNER—FOR BAIT!
BAIT! ME? OH-H-H...
NICE GOIN', JIM—BUT DON'T YANK HIM UP TOO QUICK!
HALP! HE'S GOT ME!
TOO BAD HE LIKED YORE SCENT BETTER'N THEM KILLERS, POP!
MAYBE HE'LL DEVELOP A TASTE FOR THEM NOW!
NO! LET US OUT OF HERE! IT'S INHUMAN! IT'S INHUMAN!


WE GIVE UP! HERE'S OUR GUNS! JUST LET US OUT OF HERE!
OKAY! IF YOU PREFER THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, I'LL RISK MY LIFE TO SEE THAT YOU GET IT!
WELL, SAM, I RECKON THE FINEST HOSS ALIVE COULDN'T DO THAT!
RECKON NOT! BUT LONE STAR IS STILL GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME!
THE BEAR'S CAGE BECOMES A MOTOR-DROME AS THE GRIZZLY COWERS BEFORE THE MAN-MADE MONSTER!
COME UP A MITE HIGHER, VIG, AN' I'LL RIDE DOWN WITH YUH!
NEXT DAY...
I'M PROUD TO GIVE YOU THESE SPECIAL CITATIONS, MEN, AND I'M ASSIGNING YOU TO GIVE RANGER TRAINING TO ALL OUR MOUNTED POLICE!
IT TAKES US WESTERNERS TO SHOW 'EM! ER—THAT IS—
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, POP! 'TAIN'T YORE FAULT YOU WEREN'T BORN IN TEXAS!
SPEAKIN' OF WESTERNERS—I'D SHORE LIKE TO MEET THIS SINGIN' COWBOY, THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...
I'LL FIX IT UP, IF YUH PROMISE NOT TO TELL HIM I WAS NEVER OUT WEST! HE THINKS I'M THE REAL THING!
THE VIGILANTE RIDES—AND ROPES—IN EVERY ISSUE of ACTION COMICS!
THE END
10

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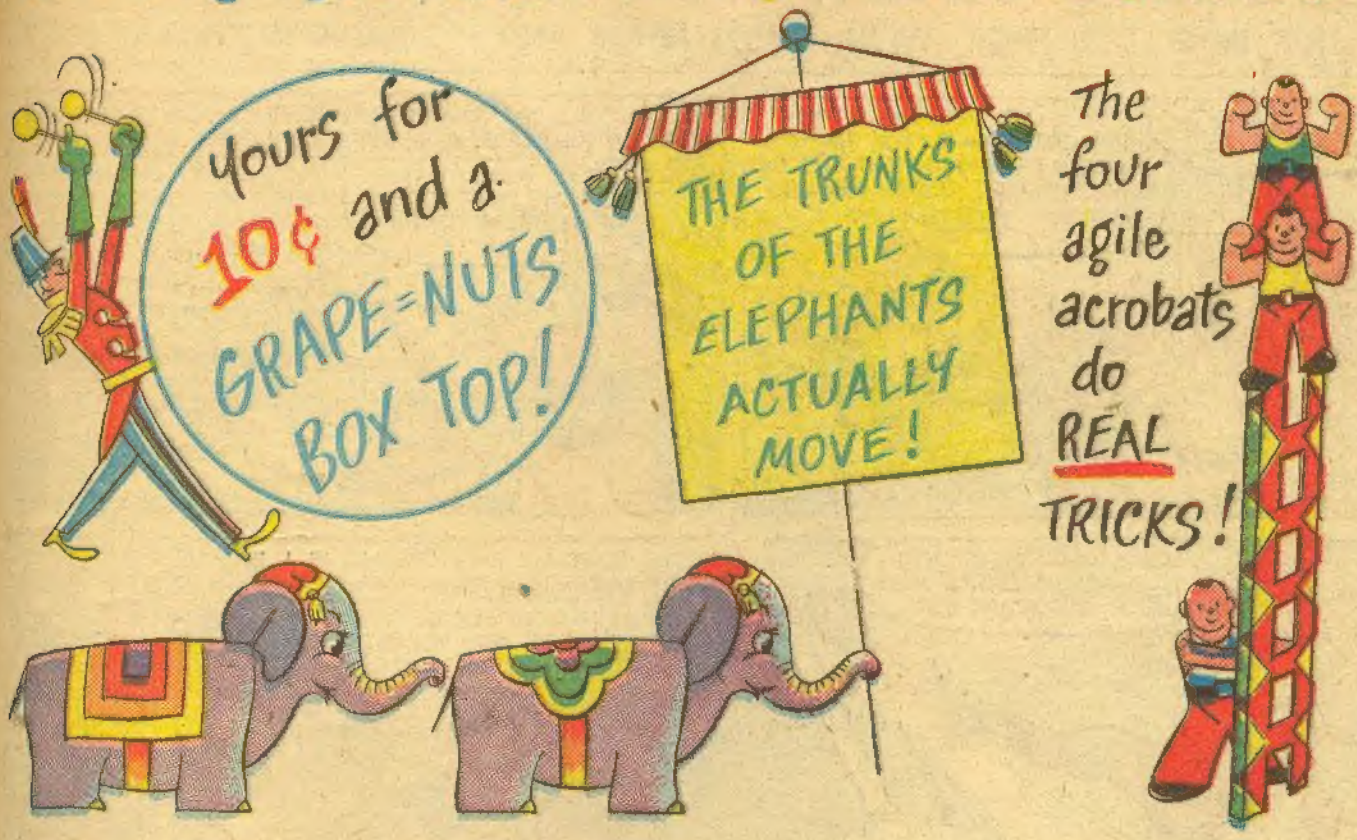

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MEANS BOOKS THAT
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